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LITERATURE.

HERÁT.

Herát: the Granary and Garden of Central Asia. By Col. G. B. Malleon, C.S.I., author of the "History of the Indian Mutiny," &c. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

COL. MALLEON is an acknowledged master of Indian history, and in this volume, as in his previous works, he has shown that he is a writer of great skill. Col. Malleon is one of those writers who, being seized with an idea, delight to clothe it in splendour and dignity of language, to present it and to re-present it in many forms, all more or less impressive to the pleased and dazzled imagination of their readers. In no work of Col. Malleon's is this high literary quality so conspicuous as in that which is now before us. Perhaps his idealistic power is assisted by the fact, which the author, it is just to say, nowhere conceals, that, like Sir Henry Rawlinson, he has never beheld the city or the country upon which he discourses with such ardour and determination. Let there be no mistake about this work; it is in its essential parts no history of Herát; no careful, dispassionate scrutiny of the manifold considerations of policy which centre at this moment in the region of Afghanistan; it is rather a heated and eloquent harangue summoning the British people to Herát, as to a crusade, and drawing them thither, at one time by exhibition of the fearful prowess of Russia, and, at another, by reference to the strategic importance and to the fruitful abundance of the country of which Herát is the citadel and the capital. We must proceed to make good these remarks by an impartial reference to Col. Malleon's work, which opens with an argument containing a justification of the Berlin Treaty and of the Government policy in regard to the Afghan War. The key to this work is contained in the confident expression of the author's opinion that in 1877 we were near to a condition of affairs which must ultimately have proved fatal to the hold of the British upon India. He says:—

"It cannot be doubted that but for the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin [Russian] spring would have been made in 1877. Russia had made all her preparations to reply in Afghanistan to the vigorous action which in Europe had snatched Constantinople from her grasp. Her secret manoeuvres were about to be supported by open co-operation. But both of these schemes were baffled; that of open co-operation by the Treaty of Berlin—the secret manoeuvres by the British invasion of Afghanistan. The one of these acts of high policy would have been incomplete without the other."

In that sentence it will be seen that Col. Malleon begs the whole bundle of political questions connected with Turkey, Russia, and Afghanistan. He deals quite as summarily with Herát. We are to go, if Col. Malleon can lead us by high sentiments and picturesque language, to his El Dorado, the city of Herát—to Herát, formerly "the Queen of Eastern cities;" to Herát in the valley of Herí-rúd, "the possession of which is the possession of a gold mine;" to Herát, which "in a few years will prove the milch-cow of India." Shall Persia have Herát? Perish the thought, says Col. Malleon. "Would Persia neglect Mashad to foster Herát? The thought is not to be entertained. Then, again, can Persia remain for ever indifferent to the blandishments or the arms of Russia? No one will assert it." Next we have an exhibition of Russia at Merv—a terrible prospect, in the opinion of the author—while England is still at Kandahar, for Russia would then be nearer by more than a hundred and fifty miles to the great prize of Central Asia; and the final words of Col. Malleon's argument are an assertion that "Herát is the gate of India. It is absolutely necessary that the possessors of that splendid estate should hold the gate leading into it."

The fundamental and peculiar error of this book lies in the fact that Oriental descriptions of Herát, and of the country round about, are made subservient to the author's purpose, and are not only literally rendered into English prose, but are offered to us in that garb as qualified to serve in the place of accurate description. "Khorassan is the oyster-shell of the world, and Herát is its pearl." "This once splendid city." Who has said that Herát was ever a splendid city, "possessing alike the most brilliant Court and the most splendid commercial mart in the Eastern world"? The Emperor Baber may have said so in 1506; but what of that? Do not the Persians call the mud hovels of Teheran and of Ispahan the jewels of the world? And, compared with one or the other, Herát is evidently a wretched place. Col. Malleon can find one sentence in Conolly's description to help his glowing picture, and he gives it. Conolly, who saw Herát in 1831, wrote:—

"We ascended by 140 steps to the top of the highest minaret, and thence looked down upon the city and the rich gardens and vineyards round and beyond it—a view so varied and beautiful that I can imagine nothing like it, except, perhaps, in Italy."

By this account, the splendour of Herát is reduced to one poor minaret, such as are half-a-dozen in the miserable squalor of Kúm or Shiraz. For his idea of the magnificence of the buildings of Herát, Col. Malleon resorts to the Emperor Baber. He ought to know better; he must be aware how foolish Eastern accounts of existing buildings, such as the ridiculous descriptions of the Chehil Minar of Ispahan, appear to those who have seen the wretched erections of the cities which most resemble Herát. Having quoted Baber, he naively says:—"I know no other description which brings so vividly to the mind the splendour of Herát as Herát was before it had been plundered and desolated by the Afghans."

Had there been "splendour," Conolly would have seen the traces; Vambéry would have seen them; and Col. Malleon would have found other help than that of Baber. When the Shah's eldest son was describing to the writer the magnificence of Ispahan, it required an effort to suppress contempt for his ignorance of the meaning which his words would convey in European language. Col. Malleon is the victim of his own zeal. He gives with all credence such rubbish as this old proverb:—"Which is the most splendid city in the world? If you answer truly you must say Herát!" On p. 68, in his own words, we have Herát the "magnificent capital of Central Asia;" on p. 78 it is "the beautiful city." On another page, Col. Malleon gives, with curious exhibition of evident acceptance, the statistics of Herát in 1219. They remind the present writer of the Prince Governor of Ispahan's assurance to himself that the Shah had 2,500,000 soldiers, and that whenever famine occurred in Persia his Majesty at once gave "a million pounds of English money" in relief; the Oriental use of thousands being utterly random.

Our present position with reference to Herát is well known. The city was besieged by Persia in the autumn of 1855, and was surrendered to the troops of the present Shah in the spring of 1856, which caused England to enter upon hostilities against Persia at Bushire and Mahommerah in the south, by way of the Persian Gulf. The Shah was forced, by a treaty concluded at Paris in 1857, to restore Herát to the Afghans. When we arrive at the only trustworthy description of Herát in the book, that of Vambéry (p. 98), there is no splendour nor trace of splendour, nothing but a bazaar very like that of Kashan, and a description of dirt and ruin familiar to anyone who has read accounts of the very similar cities of Persia. Col. Malleon employs with eloquence, sometimes with vehemence, every argument by which we may be led to Herát. For this he displays Oriental views of the richness and magnificence of the city and the neighbourhood; for this he paints with deepest dye the character and the conquests of Russia; he would lead us by cupidity, or, if we please, by his opinions as to the security of India; for the last he reserves an appeal to our compassionate feelings. Throughout his work the Afghan is represented very much from the Oriental point of view. He has no redeeming features; he is cruel, he is merciless, he is treacherous. One can almost imagine Col. Malleon assenting to the Indian proverb, "If you meet an Afghan and a cobra, kill the Afghan!" At last, our author appeals, as we have said, to our feelings. He says:—

"The Herátis have now, of their own accord, taken up arms against the Afghan oppressor. They see that England is at last in earnest. They have shown that they deserve to be free by themselves striking the blow. But their city still suffers in the hands of their enemy. With arms to combat that enemy in their hands, they still turn with longing eyes and earnest prayers to England. Surely England will not be deaf to the appeal!"

If this book were less desperate in the energy of its accomplished author, we might pause

to ask, Where is this appeal? Who can show us that the Herátis are longing for an English conqueror? But Col. Malleon on Herát is not to be trifled with by questions; this is a book of one idea, and that is the wisdom, the justice, the expediency, the mercy, the gain, and the blessedness that would result from a British advance to Herát. We do not accept Col. Malleon's *dicta* for argument; his style is admirable; his itinerary useful; his spelling is instructive; his reading in all that concerns India is profound—so much must be admitted: but there are at least two sides to every policy of conquest, and Col. Malleon does not give us a fair view of that which he rejects. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

EIKON BASILIKH. A New Edition, with a Preface by C. M. Phillimore. (James Parker and Co.)

THE re-issue in the form of a Preface to a new edition of the *Eikon Basilike* of the article contributed by Miss Phillimore to the *Church Quarterly* is well timed. Except in producing an important letter by Levett the King's page, Miss Phillimore does not pretend to much more than the merit of reproducing arguments used by others; she has, however, put them in a clear and convincing form, adducing no slight reasons to show that the book was written by Charles long before Gauden claimed to have conveyed his forgery to him when he was a prisoner at Carisbrook in 1648.

No doubt there is something to be said on the other side, and Clarendon's silence on the subject in his History is undoubtedly a strong point; but, unless the account given by his son of what the exiled Chancellor said shortly before his death can be explained away, that silence must be accounted for on some other ground than his permanent disbelief in the King's authorship. On this point, indeed, there is evidently more to be said than Miss Phillimore admits. She throws doubt on the story told by Burnet that James II., when Duke of York, acknowledged Gauden's authorship on the ground that Somerset, who is said to have confirmed Gauden's claim, died too soon to have been able to testify anything about the matter; and yet she complacently quotes without hesitation the assertion of Clarendon's son that his father said that he thought that Charles II. had been convinced by Somerset that Charles I. was the real author. If the Duke of Somerset's death throws doubt on one story it equally throws doubt on the other.

The probability is that Gauden made his claim some little time before he wrote to Clarendon on the subject. This seems implied by the letter which Clarendon wrote to Gauden in reply. If the story of Clarendon's son is correct, the Chancellor believed that Somerset had convinced the King that Gauden's claim was untrue. But it also implies that Charles II. was not quite convinced, and Burnet's story tells us that James was not convinced. Burnet, however, is far too inaccurate to enable us to build much on his assertion. James could affirm nothing of his own knowledge, and, unless he had seriously investigated the question, a mere casual state-

ment in conversation would not prove much. The reference to Somerset is the curious thing; but, after all, Somerset's name may have slipped in by mistake for some other nobleman's.

However this may be, it is a pity that Miss Phillimore's edition had not been delayed for a few weeks, as this would have enabled her to make use of Mr. Scott's discoveries which he has recently disclosed in the pages of the *Athenaeum*. She would then have been able to quote the additional evidence of Bishop Mew, who informed Archbishop Tenison that he had himself seen fragments of the *Eikon* at Naseby, and to refer to the very curious fact that Nicholas, in quoting from the book in private memoranda for his own use, made his references to a MS. copy and not to the printed work—a proceeding which can hardly be explained, except on the supposition that he had access, either to the original MS., or at least to a copy in which he placed implicit confidence—a supposition which is the more probable when it is remembered that his own secretary, Oudart, had transcribed the original for the press, and that the MS. from which he quotes preserves in one instance what has all the appearance of being a true reading in the place of a misprint in the printed copies.

Upon the question of internal evidence Miss Phillimore has little to say, and if by internal evidence is meant literary evidence, she is undoubtedly in the right. It is a matter that has been already fully discussed, and which will hardly bear condensation. Yet, after we have made up our mind whether such an expression as "feral birds" is the private property of Gauden or the common property of writers of the time, the important question remains to be asked whether the book is true to character, a question which can only be answered rightly by those who have made a minute study of Charles's life.

It is pleasant to accompany an author as far as it is possible to do so, and it is easy to agree with Miss Phillimore in her argument that the *Eikon* reveals Charles's own patience and meekness in affliction. But when she asks us to trace in it Charles's ability it is necessary to part company with our guide. Ability of a certain sort Charles undoubtedly possessed. Starting from certain premises, and being quite sure of the conclusion which he intended to reach, he could pick his way from one to the other in excellent style, and could often turn the tables upon his opponents by dragging to light the logical inferences to be drawn from their own arguments. But of true statesmanlike ability to grasp the full character and tendencies of the men with whom he had to deal, and the full bearing of the circumstances in which he was placed, he was absolutely deficient. Very much the same may be said of his character. That he was sincerely desirous of acting rightly, and thoroughly honest in intention, may fairly be granted. But he was constantly taking part in what ordinary men characterise as intrigues, because he had not imagination enough to take a broad view of the circumstances around him. The strongest possible argument for the authenticity of the *Eikon* lies in its exact representation of Charles's character in his weakness as well as in his strength.

From this point of view, the very inadequacy of the book to furnish a true picture of the time is a strong argument in favour of its authenticity. Writers who express astonishment that they do not find historical narrative misunderstand both the intention of the book and Charles's own character. It may fairly be asked whether Charles ever, in the whole course of his life, gave an accurate historical account of anything. It was his habit to blur the outlines of facts and to acknowledge just as much as it suited his purpose to acknowledge, because that was all that was visible from his mental horizon at the moment.

It is no doubt difficult to convey the impression produced by the *Eikon* upon anyone who has not been recently studying Charles's life with the assistance of all the new material now at the disposal of the historian; but the defenders of his authorship might, perhaps, be content to rest their case on the first chapter alone. Such sentences as the following breathe the very spirit of Charles's life:—

"The odium and offences which some men's rigour or remissness in Church and State had contracted upon my government, I resolved to have expiated by such laws and regulations for the future as might not only rectify what was amiss in practice, but supply what was defective in the constitution, no man having a greater zeal to see religion settled, and preserved in truth, unity, and order, than myself, whom it most concerns both in piety and policy; as knowing that no flames of civil dissensions are more dangerous than those which make religious pretensions the grounds of factions."

"I resolved to reform what I should, by free and full advice in Parliament, be convinced of to be amiss, and to grant whatever my reason and conscience told me was fit to be desired. I wish I had kept myself within those bounds, and not suffered my own judgment to have been overborne in some things, more by others' importunities than their arguments."

If this is not self-portraiture, it is hard to imagine what is. The utterly inadequate account of the causes which brought about the summoning of the Long Parliament, the complacent reference to his own good intentions, the recognition of the facility with which he allowed his own judgment to be overborne by others, are all marks of Caroline authorship.

Nor are these paragraphs in any way dissimilar to the rest. Advocates of the theory which attributes the book to Gauden may be challenged to produce one line from it which gives a dissonant note. Everywhere there is just that reticence of self-communing which touches lightly upon fact, or alludes to it obliquely as if it were unnecessary to go into detail.

How much, for instance, is implied by those simple words,

"I looked upon my Lord of Strafford as a gentleman whose great abilities might make a prince rather afraid than ashamed to employ him in the greatest affairs of State,"

for those who know that Charles, after following his Minister's aggressive projects after the dissolution in 1640, had shrunk from carrying them into execution; and that still later, when the Long Parliament met, he had refused to carry out the same Minister's advice to open the session by bringing an anticipatory charge of treason against Pym and his associates.

Allusions, which are no more than allusions, accumulate as we read on. The charges against Staifford are said not to have given "convincing satisfaction to the major part of both Houses, especially that of the Lords;" which is true if the absent members of the Commons be taken into account, though a forger would be more likely to remember that the division gave a majority of about three to one the other way.

Then, again, there is the reference to a whole controversy about the meaning of the words *leges quas vulgus elegerit* in the paragraph in the sixth chapter:—

"I think my oath fully discharged in that point by my governing only by such laws as my people, with the House of Peers, have chosen, and myself consented to."

The chapter, too, upon the King's going to the Scots, and on the Scots delivering up the King, would hardly have been put by a forger into the present tense. That the sentiments in them are Charles's sentiments at the time may be gathered from the letters addressed from Newcastle by Sir Robert Moray to the Duke of Hamilton, which will soon be in the hands of members of the Camden Society. The repudiation of the charge of obstinacy was no doubt intended to reflect upon Charles's friends as much as on his opponents. A few weeks later Moray, on the part of the Hamiltons, was urging Charles to swallow the Covenant in order to regain his crown. "So fatally he sticks to his principles," was the despairing cry of the baffled diplomatist.

It has been recently announced that Mr. Scott is preparing a preface to a new edition of the *Eikon*, to be issued by Mr. Elliot Stock. He will no doubt handle the bibliographical questions involved in the argument with competent knowledge. Those who reply to him must remember that they have to face at the same time an argument totally disconnected either with his or with Miss Phillimore's. Either they must point out some passages in the *Eikon* inconsistent with Charles's very peculiar character, or they must admit that in Gauden, scoundrel as he was, England possessed another Shakspeare unawares.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

New Poems. By John Payne. (Newman & Co.)

UNDER the somewhat hackneyed title of *New Poems*, the author of *The Masque of Shadows* has published another volume of verse. As with all works from the same pen, this book, from dedication to colophon, is imbued with sombre melancholy; for poetry would appear to exercise as saddening an influence upon Mr. Payne as sweet music did upon Shakspeare. Nearly the whole burden of his book, and of his preceding works—save some portions of *Villon*—is that, with respect to poor humanity, "while his flesh is upon him he shall be sorrowful, and while his soul is in him it shall mourn." Whether this be due to a natural idiosyncrasy of the author, or whether it be due to an artifice of his art, it is, perhaps, needless to investigate; but it must be affirmed that, though "sorrow be the soul of song," song that is all soul is not always the most acceptable to all readers. It was, doubtless, an excess of this melancholia

more than its horror—so natural, indeed, and so much in keeping with the theme—that caused Mr. Payne's latest publication, *Lautrec*, to meet with somewhat less critical unanimity of approbation than his former volumes did. Soaked through and through with this teint as is the present volume it is still, in some portions of the contents at least, an advance in power upon its predecessors, even as each one of them had been upon its forerunner. It contains a little too much of those fantastic mediæval forms of verse with which the reading world has been so cloyingly fed of late—archaic forms which once had their use in restraining the unbridled licence of youthful languages, but which now are neither necessary nor needed. A poet dowered with such affluence of thought and facility of expression as Mr. Payne is may not find the mechanical limits of *rondels*, and *rondeaux*, and *ritournels*, or even of *rondeaux redoublés*, and double ballads, very restrictive, but a man who can write such poems as "The Rime of Redemption" and "The Westward Sailing" should not waste his genius upon these literary gymnastics. Funambulatory labours of such a sort may still have their uses in restraining the unfashioned antics of a youthful artist, but for a master of his art, as Mr. Payne has proved himself to be, they are but too frequently monuments of wasted talent. "Wenn man alt ist," says Goethe, "muss man mehr thun, als da man jung war;" consequently, as Mr. Payne, though young in years, is growing old in reputation, it behoves him to do more—that is to say, better—in each new volume he offers to the world. And it must be conceded that although these *New Poems* are, necessarily, unequal in merit, they contain work quite as good, and in some respects even better, than anything previously published by their author. Indeed, no amount of praise that could be awarded to Mr. Payne would do more, if so much, to sustain and enhance his reputation as would the citation of the "Prelude" to the present book. It is scarcely too much to affirm of it that no contemporary could excel it in symmetry of form, excellence of workmanship, and, above all, alliance of sound with sense. In justification of such high praise, these opening lines may be quoted:—

"Geoffrey of Rudel! How the name
Leaps to the lips like a flower of flame,
Holding the heart with a dream of days
When life lay yet in the flowered ways
And the winds of the world were stirred and strong
With blast of battle and silver of song!
When love was long and women were true
And the bell of the steadfast sky was blue
Over a world that was white as yet
From load of labour and fruitless fret
Of hunger for gain and greed of gold,
That now have made us our young world old!
I hail thee, honest and tender time!
I, last of many, that with rude rhyme
Ring out reproach to the cheerless air
And chide the age that it is not fair.

How shall we say sweet things in rhyme
Of this our marvellous modern time,
We that are heavy at heart to sing,
But may not rejoice for remembering?
We care not, we, for the gorgeous glow
Of wealth and wonder, the stately show
Of light and luxury, that sweeps past,
Unheeded, before our eyes downcast.

The pageant of passion and pride and crime
That fills the face of the turncoat time,
The gold that glitters, the gems that glow,
Hide not from us the wasting woe
That gnaws at the heart of the hungry age.
The starving soul in the crystal cage
Looks through the loop of the blazoned bars,
As out of heaven the sorrowing stars
Gaze on the grief of the night newborn."

A thorough mastery over the complex mysteries of rhyme and rhythm is evidenced by these well-balanced and delicately wrought verses, wherein meaning and melody are so skilfully interwoven. The present generation has been so pampered with poetic dainties that it fails to appreciate the refinement of diction and subtle strength of the work its poets are doing for it; but should the rivers of inspiration again run dry, and the aridity of the past century be repeated, with what intensity of admiration may not our posterity regard the lyrical leaders of to-day! And the authorship of such a poem as "Thorgerda" should certainly qualify Mr. Payne for admission into that honourable, but small, circle. "Thorgerda" is the longest of these *New Poems*, and, had not its author lavished his poetic treasures with a somewhat wasteful improvidence, it would doubtless have been issued in a separate form, when its merits might have received more immediate and protracted attention than they are likely to in their present method of publication. In nakedest details the theme is not a new one, for many poets have sung of semi-human beings loving mortals; and, by their love, destroying those mortals, but then "les grands esprits," as Théophile Gautier says,

"qui ne sont touchés que du Beau, n'ont pas cette préoccupation du neuf qui tourmente les cerveaux inférieurs. Ils ne craignent pas de s'exercer sur une idée connue, générale, appartenant à tous, sachant qu'elle n'appartient plus qu'à eux seuls dès qu'ils y ont apposé le sceau de leur style."

Although the references and characters of "Thorgerda" are Scandinavian, the whole creation of the work is richer and more voluptuous in tone than is usual for anything emanating from, or referable to, the grotesque mythology of the North. In some respects, indeed, it approximates to, and may honourably challenge comparison with, Shelley's *Witch of Atlas*. If fault be found with "Thorgerda"—doubtless Mr. Payne's *chef-d'œuvre*—it will be for its superfluity of splendour, for its almost wasted wealth of simile and description, as, for instance, in such stanzas as this:—

"All hail! the sweet of the day is ours!
Our wings are wet with the salt of the sea!
Our task is over, our feet are free
To fare where the foam-bells shiver in showers
And the seaweeds glitter with glory of flowers.
The lines of the land do faint and flee:
We come to the heart of the mid-sea bowers
On the race of the running billows' glee!"

But the *technique* of such work is irreproachable; the onomatopoeial sense of sound is most discriminative. A very effective richness has been gained by the alternation of open vowels and the most producible consonants. These effects do not arise from accident, but are invariably the result of imagination, combined with, and curbed by, a full knowledge of the mechanism of verse.

The repetition of similar sounds is so naturally, so (apparently) unartfully produced, that it scarcely seems fair to refer it to "alliteration's artful aid." Nor does Mr. Payne, despite the fluency of his language and facility of lyrical expression, belong to any of those numerous cliques of poetasters who mix too much water with their ink; his compactness of form and distinctness of meaning, at least nowadays, leave little to be desired.

"The Ballad of Isobel" disputes the palm of excellence with "Thorgerda," and with the many will, doubtless, gain the preference. In tone and form it is the opposite of "Thorgerda," being as cold, chaste, and simple as that is warm and voluptuous. It resembles the old ballad in simplicity, at times, almost, in baldness of description, and tells of supernatural things in that unquestioning, straightforward mode which constitutes the strength and fascination of our ancient lyrical lore. The power and pathos producible by such unostentatious workmanship are undeniable; even an isolated stanza, as

"She will not come!"—A soft, cold air
Upon his forehead fell:
He turned him to the empty chair,
And there sat Isobel,"

will exemplify this fact, although the full force of the lines can only be appreciated when they are read in conjunction with the rest of the poem. The story, as are so many of its author's, is an eerie one:—

"It is
A tale more fit for the weird winter nights
Than for the garish summer days, when we
Scarcely believe much more than we can see."

Of the "Light o' Love," the second longest poem in the volume, we are not inclined to speak so favourably as of those already mentioned; it is too indicative of those literary influences under which it has, apparently, been produced. Many of the shorter poems are very beautiful, however, and all, or nearly all, truly bear out their author's words in his initial volume—

"Whoso is fain
To enter in this shadow-land of mine,
He must forget the utter summer's shine
And all the daylight ways of hand and brain"—

only, it should be remarked, the shadows have grown more distinct and stronger than in the earlier days. "Melisande," which is the last poem in the book, read in conjunction with "Tournesol," its prelude, gives that continuity and completeness without which no work of art is perfect.

A logical definition of poetry is still wanted, and it is far safer to affirm what it is not than what it is, but that Mr. Payne's *New Poems* are richly dowered with it, and are replete with that indefinable "light that never was on sea or land," may be safely asserted without fear of authoritative contradiction.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.

Southey. By Edward Dowden. (Macmillan.)

IF the story of Southey's life had been related as at one time seemed possible by the author of *Philip Van Artevelde* it might have rivalled the *magnum opus* of Lockhart. From a literary point of view it would, no doubt, be absurd to compare Southey with Scott; but

the record of the Poet Laureate's career has in it much that is as fascinating as Sir Walter's, and incidents that are even more pathetic. Prof. Dowden has done as much justice to his subject as could be done in 200 pages, but a cabinet picture like this fails to convey a vivid impression of the varied features which give a charm to the portrait of Southey. The materials at the disposal of the biographer are ample—we had almost said too ample. A little cold, perhaps, and haughty to strangers, towards his friends Southey showed no reserve; all that was in his heart found utterance in his correspondence; and if the frankness of his confessions sometimes raises a smile, the manly integrity of the writer is visible on every page. Sara Coleridge thought her uncle Southey the best man she had ever known, and her judgment seems to have been well founded. His defects lay on the surface; his virtues were eminently noble and solid. They were by no means the niggard virtues practised by the respectable Englishman, who has some conscience and some regard for his reputation; nor were they the virtues of the careless-hearted spend-thrift who borrows money to relieve distress, and forgets to pay the lender. With great ambition and high aspirations, Southey laboured daily at task-work for the sake of those he loved; and, while winning a frugal living, which would now be regarded as a mere pittance, was nobly generous both of time and money. Again and again we read of splendid sacrifices made for the sake of literature or friendship. In the early days of his poverty, with a young wife to support, he found leisure to relieve the distress of Chatterton's sister by editing that "marvellous boy's" works; he was ready to start his brother in life with the produce of *Thalaba*, and undertook to support his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lovell. He provided also through many a long year for the wife and children whom Coleridge had perversely left upon his hands; and at about the age of forty-seven, when an old friend who had once done Southey good service fell into difficulties, the poet sent him £625, the whole savings of his life, and wished he had more at his command.

In other ways, too, Southey had a free and generous nature. We know something of party spirit in our days, and the fashion of calling names is not wholly obsolete. In the early years of the century, when the Tories were for fighting Napoleon to the death, and the Whigs, as represented by the *Edinburgh Review*, "predicted ruin to all who dared to oppose the Corsican," and affirmed that France had conquered Europe, it is not to be wondered at if rougher words were used by the opposing parties than any to which we are now accustomed. Southey, an ardent politician, was liberally bespattered by the friends of France, and used no doubt plenty of hard words in return; but he had only to meet a political or literary foe in order to lose every thought of enmity. Jealousy or envy, the faults of the literary character, were wholly unknown to Southey, who in this respect, as in many other fine qualities, resembled his friend Sir Walter. In the large natures of these poets there was no room for aught that was ignoble in feeling; but in one respect Southey was superior even to Scott,

the most loveable of men, for he never hankered after wealth, and was content from first to last with plain living and high thinking. If we may hint a fault in this admirable man, it is to be found, perhaps, in a somewhat overweening conviction that his mind was well disciplined, his heart pure, his integrity unimpeachable. He was a Christian, but knew little apparently of the struggles through which some men fight their way to peace. He fell into no Slough of Despond, fought no Apollyon, toiled up no Hill Difficulty, and encountered no grim fiends in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. His road in this respect seems to have been a smooth one, and so vivid was the impression of things unseen that to Southey Skiddaw itself was scarcely more visible than the Delectable Mountains and the City that lay beyond them. He loved his library of fourteen thousand volumes with the passion of a book collector; he found the deepest joy of life in his wife and children, and he cherished an abiding sense that he should some day raise his head to the stars as a great English poet. In spite, however, of these vivid interests, coupled with the keenest sense of enjoyment, he held lightly by life, and, while confessing that his disposition was invincibly cheerful and his lot an eminently happy one, looked forward with eagerness to the day when he might go home and take his wages.

"Such," says Prof. Dowden, "was Southey's constant temper; to some persons it may seem an unfortunate one; to some it may be practically unintelligible. But those who accept of the feast of life freely, who enter with a bounding foot its measures of beauty and of joy—glad to feel all the while the serviceable sackcloth next the skin—will recognise in Southey an instructed brother of the Renunciants' rule."

If Southey had been as ambitious in a worldly sense as he was to leave a name that should not "perish in the dust" he might have readily gained a large income. But he could only have done this at the cost of all he most valued in life. His vocation was literature; and no author has done more to ennoble the literary profession than Robert Southey. Yet, although never repenting of his choice, he recommends no one to follow it, and observes that a youth had

"better seek his fortune before the mast, or with a musket on his shoulder and a knapsack on his back, better that he should follow the plough or work at the loom or the lathe, than trust to literature as the only means of his support."

The advice is sound, no doubt, but on men who have a passion for literature it will be thrown away. They write, as Southey wrote, because they cannot help writing, and, like him, prefer happiness and freedom to wealth and servitude. Few men, however, enter upon the profession blessed with Southey's resources. He had ample knowledge of books if not of men, an energy and spirit that no labour exhausted, and a conscientiousness that compelled him at all times to do his best. Possibly, as Macaulay said, and like Macaulay, he sometimes lacked judgment, and no doubt as a political prophet he made blunders, as such prophets are wont to do; but he had ever a clear sense of right, a dislike of exaggera-

tion, the wish, at least, to think temperately and justly, and his character may be seen in his manly, unaffected style. That style contrasted with Lord Macaulay's is as the clear white light of day compared with the brilliant glare of gas lamps; and, if style be the salt of literature, much that Southey has written is secure of preservation.

"His industry," writes Prof. Dowden, "was that of a German; his lucidity and perfect exposition were such as we rarely find outside a French memoir. There is no style fitter for continuous narrative than the pedestrian style of Southey. It does not beat upon the ear with hard metallic vibration. The sentences are not cast by the thousand in one mould of cheap rhetoric, nor made brilliant with one cheap colour. Never dithyrambic, he is never dull; he affects neither the trick of stateliness nor that of careless ease; he does not seek out curiosities of refinement, nor caress delicate affectations. Because his style is natural, it is inimitable, and the only way to write like Southey is to write well."

In a brief narrative it is impossible to show what Southey was as a letter-writer. All that Prof. Dowden attempts to do is to transcribe a few characteristic passages. At present, readers become acquainted with Southey under great disadvantages. The six volumes of his *Life* and *Correspondence* and the volumes edited by Warton afford a large mass of material; but it is ill arranged, and contains much that should have been omitted. The reader who would sift the wheat from the chaff in this capacious granary has a weary task before him. The labour, however, will not be without recompense. Southey probably never lost a friend, and the men whom he "grappled to his soul" were worthy of his friendship. Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey were called by Landor "three towers of one castle," and Landor, himself a faithful and admiring friend of Southey, might well have formed another tower of the same building. These were noble friends indeed, and of the four the heart that beat most warmly, generously, and steadily, was that of Robert Southey. The love that Southey had once felt for Coleridge changed, as was but natural, to "condemning sorrow;" but there was no change in his practical kindness. Scott, too, was Southey's friend, and not a friend only, but an admirer of his genius, for he read *Madoc* through four times. And there were a number of men, of lesser mark, indeed, than these, but men worthy of his love, who formed part of Southey's life. To them he opened his heart, wrote sense or nonsense as the fancy took him, and found relief from the cares of authorship in a frolicsome kind of humour that might have suited a big boy. And in his cheeriest mood he could speak of himself to his friend Grosvenor Bedford as writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul.

"One daily progressive in learning, not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud, not so proud as happy. Grosvenor, there is not a lighter-hearted nor a happier man upon the face of this wide world."

In his chapter called "Ways of Life at Keswick, 1803-39," Prof. Dowden brings out with great skill the salient points of this happy life. Through many long years it may be safely said that no home in England witnessed

more of home blessedness than Greta Hall. The joyous happiness of those days, when his children were around him, has been described by Southey in many a charming picture. He records, too, with delight how he possesses on his shelves the harvest of many generations, and when he goes to the window, "there is the lake, and the circle of the mountains and the illimitable sky."

The writer has taken, we think, a sound view of the poet's literary position. Southey did not always estimate rightly what the age could bear, and wrote as if antediluvian days and boundless leisure were the common heritage of his readers. Had he not himself in his young days read the *Faerie Queene* through thirty times? and after a feat so gigantic was it likely that he should remember that men were no longer giants? Southey did not wait for flashes of inspiration, but what he did was done, as Prof. Dowden observes, in workmanlike fashion:—

"In the gathering of facts Southey was both swift and patient in an extraordinary degree; he went often alone and he went far; in the art of exposition he was unsurpassed; and his fine moral feeling and profound sympathy with elementary justice created, as De Quincey has observed, a soul under what else might well be denominated Miltonically 'the ribs of death.'"

He accomplished so much, not because he produced with unexampled rapidity, but because he worked regularly and never fell into a mood of apathy or ennui."

Such a method was good for an author who could pass from prose to verse with mill-horse regularity, but it is not the method which produces the noblest works of genius. The inspiration which calls forth a lovely poem will not come punctually at the beck of a poet who writes histories or biographies until dinner-time, from dinner to tea writes letters, and "after tea goes to poetry." Southey's best verse was written before he may be said to have been thoroughly in harness as a man of letters. Prof. Dowden says truly that his heroic personages are *high souled*; but they do not take hold of the reader, and the epics which their writer believed would confer upon him immortality are even now, it is to be feared, well-nigh forgotten. On the other hand, a few slight pieces of verse expressive of personal feeling have gained a recognition which promises to be permanent. If his ten volumes of poetry fail to sustain the fame of Southey, he will live as a prose writer in the wit and humour, the geniality and extensive learning of *The Doctor*, and in such masterpieces as the lives of Wesley and of Nelson. The little volume has, perhaps, delayed us too long, but Prof. Dowden's theme is one on which it is pleasant to linger, and all the more so since he has treated the honoured name of Southey with the estimation it deserves.

JOHN DENNIS.

NEW NOVELS.

The Weird Sisters. By Richard Dowling. (Tinsley Bros.)

The Queen of the Meadow. By Charles Gibbon. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Pink Wedding. By R. Mounteney Jephson. (R. Bentley & Son.)

Under the Southern Cross. By Robert Richardson. (Edinburgh Publishing Company.)

IN *The Weird Sisters*—it may be as well to say at once that these are two dismal towers, not two dyspeptic spinsters with a turn for pessimism and strong tea—Mr. Richard Dowling has, it is to be hoped, exhausted what may be called the "Pollaky and Victor Hugo business." Both his short and his long stories prove him to be capable of much higher work; with his direct style and powers of analysis and plot-weaving, he ought to be able to strike out a line for himself. Not that *The Weird Sisters* is in any sense feeble. It is a supper of horrors, but there can be no question as to the excellence of the cooking, or the art shown in the arrangement of the table. There are magnificently horrible things in Victor Hugo; but he has few "scenes" equal in intensity to that in which Walter Grey takes the body of his murdered wife to his Tower of Silence, and prays over it with the fervour of Louis the Eleventh when the superstitious fit was on him. Somehow one sympathises not a little with Grey, though his crimes and miseries occupy three volumes. He is no saint by any means. He is an embezzler on a gigantic scale. He swears lies on the Bible by the dozen. He deliberately murders his wife; for, taking advantage of her weakness of tipping, he places a decanter of brandy within easy reach of her, and, when he finds her stupefied with its contents, he chokes her. He is repudiated by his mother, a terrible and terribly honest woman, whose character is the most powerfully drawn in the book. Yet, after all, Grey was the creature of what the late Lord Lytton, in his *Paul Clifford* days, emphasised and defended as "circumstances." It was the danger of his bank, rather than sordid personal ambition, that prompted him to enter on his career of fraud and crime. When, too, one thinks of his daily punishments, his terrors, his fainting fits, his alternations of hope and despair, it is almost impossible not to wish he had escaped in the end, even although that would have prevented such a melodramatic close as his being burnt with the body of his wife. Most of the other characters are without character, including Sir William Midharst, who glides, like a country pupil-teacher through his "apprenticeship," into the positions successively of guardian, lover, and husband to his cousin Maud. He bursts, however, once into bad language, and has the good sense not to shoot Grey with the latter's revolver, although asked to do so.

In *The Queen of the Meadow* Mr. Gibbon gives us a pleasant, though somewhat spun-out, English country love story. Polly Holt and Michael Hazell were intended by Nature, no less than by their relatives, to come together. Their misunderstandings and differences, for which it must be said that Michael, with all his magnanimity, is mainly to blame, serve only in the end to convert their mutual affection into a passion. The story, however, as already said, is spun out, and one is occasionally tempted to wish that Dickens's Mr. Dick would appear upon the scene and by some such idiotic but appropriate suggestion as

"Polly, put the kettle on, and let us all have tea," cause matters to be adjusted once for all. Tom Walton, the rival to Michael, and a rather likeable ne'er-do-well, is well drawn; and there is character, if nothing else, in the fortunate yet unfortunate Sarah Hodson. Mr. Gibbon does not succeed in drawing unpleasant girls. There are some good scenes between Miss Walton and Polly, but as the tyrant of her household and a pretender to social position, Miss Walton is a caricature. As usual, Mr. Gibbon is careful as to matters of detail. With a robust plot, he should make a considerable success of his next English fiction.

Mr. Jephson, in the person of his hero, Reginald Mauleverer, makes this prophecy, which, being the most important thing in *A Pink Wedding*, deserves to be given at once: "It is my opinion that before twenty years are over Japan will be a Christian country, with an established Christian Church throughout the length and breadth of the land." If Japan progresses at this rate, then we cannot be too thankful to photographers of the country in the course of its rapid changes, or think they can be too numerous. Mr. Jephson might, therefore, have done a service to mankind if, instead of writing a third-rate, ill-connected, and, in many respects, rather silly novel, he had written a book giving his own or "inspired" information about Japan. At the least, he might have spared us the third volume. The ghastly "Pink Wedding," reeking of alcohol and "sport," with its tragic conclusion—an elopement followed by a suicide—is as much in place here as the Ghost of Banquo would be in the "Fairies' Home." Besides, Mr. Jephson, who does not improve the more he writes, has spoiled even the first two volumes, which describe Japan and its customs, by his fifth-form jocosities, even more than by his vigorous efforts to prove that he has not forgotten Horace and Ovid, Milton and Shakspeare. He has a fair stock of somewhat 'Arryish animal spirits, but no real humour. He seems to think the Moltbury family "good fun," but, with the exception of little Violet, they are a set of grinning imbeciles that would be hissed off the boards of any respectable theatre, even in the pantomime season. It is doubtful whether Mr. Jephson's description of lovemaking or his ridicule of such "sweet lunacy" is the more ludicrous. Here is a specimen of serious "spooring." The reader must understand that on the occasion of "an *al-fresco* meal," Mr. Moltbury, the senior male noodle of the family, has quoted Byron's lines,

"Fell upon what was offered, like
A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike,"

and that, amid explosions of laughter, the rôles of priest, shark, and alderman, have been assigned or appropriated.

"Mauleverer, you and Miss Moltbury must be content with the comparatively insignificant rôle of the pike between you."

"It was with quite a thrill that Mauleverer heard the sentence pronounced. It was sweet to be coupled with her in any way. It was delicious to think that they were to be one pike together. Well might Shakspeare say that 'Men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.'"

Mr. Jephson should abstain from novel-

writing for a year or two. During that period he might visit (or revisit) Japan, and bring back notes of the interesting and inevitable change from Shintoism to Christianity.

Beneath the Southern Cross is, it may be presumed, the work of a young writer. It is a simple, healthy, unpretending tale of the old school, and if Mr. Richardson would eschew quotations, and develop a vein of humour indicated by his portraits of Lotty Vallance and of Mrs. Upshott, an Australian Mrs. Malaprop, he might do good work. There seems no particular reason why the scene of *Beneath the Southern Cross* should be laid in Australia—Twickenham or Timbuctoo would have done equally well—although it is no doubt something after all to make the acquaintance of the laughing jackass, with his "uproarious peal of laughter, elfish, eerie, half human, half demoniac—wonderful, baffling description, dying away at last in a smothered, sardonic, Mephistophelian chuckle." The hero, George Herbert, *alias* Dumaesque, is rather mysterious and miserable about little; surely a man need not think his prospects in life blighted because his brother is accused of shooting a fellow-student and a Scotch jury returns a verdict of "not proven." Arnold Denison, bank manager and villain, has more dash about him; all he does is to try to steal his neighbour's good name, and, failing in that, to steal his employers' money, which, of course, is trash, and therefore not worth recovering. Two more hints to Mr. Richardson. Let him look after his printer. "Rockmellons" are no doubt delicious, but most so with one "l"; and we do not care to hear of Mabel Vallance having a *spirituelle* head. Let him also keep a guard over his young ladies' lips. Quiet middle-class girls like Mabel are not in the habit of talking to their male acquaintances about the condition known as "hipped." No doubt it is very smart of Lotty to say that "redeeming the time" suggests "something in pawn." But, having no "fast" brother, was she likely to hear about the vulgarest of all human transactions?

WILLIAM WALLACE.

RECENT VERSE.

A Life's Idylls. By Hugh Conway. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Mr. Conway, in his Dedication, expresses a certain doubt whether his work be worthy or worthless. It is certainly not worthless, but there may be different opinions as to the degree of its worthiness. We are by no means of those who hold imitation to be fatal to a young poet's claim to be heard, but the imitation which is to be excused must be general and not specific. Too often we can trace the very poems which have inspired Mr. Conway to write verse that is almost always harmonious and correct, and is not seldom very spirited. "A *Duel à la Barrière*" would certainly never have been written had it not been for Mr. Browning's "Before" and "After." The poems more specially called "A Life's Idylls" testify to a curious commingling of the inspiration of the Laureate and of Mr. Coventry Patmore, and so forth. We shall not quote any of Mr. Conway's verse, because the imitated notes ring so loudly that hasty readers might let them outsound all the residue. There is a residue, but it is not large.

The Truce of God, and other Poems. By W. Stevens. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) There is very good work in this volume. Its chief con-

tents are short tales or history pieces, generally in blank verse. Unfortunately, although good work is absolutely necessary to poetry, it is not absolutely sufficient. The following extract will give a very good idea of the "thus far and no farther" which has apparently been accorded to Mr. Stevens:—

"The Christians to the lions!" Stormy voiced,
The cry o'erleaped the wide arena's bound
And swept the street like some destroying blast.
Then men rushed madly, all athirst for blood,
And searched the city in hot scent of death.
Their clamour shook the temple shrines, and
priests
Came forth with curious smile to see, while still
Like roaring wave encompassing it spread.
The blameless worker seized with sudden hands,
Like one hurled headlong in a raging sea,
Heard the fierce shouts and knew his hour was
come.
The shrinking maiden, dragged to meet her
doom,
Grew pale a moment as the eager crowd
Gazed unabashed, then faced with tranquil
mien
The beasts that glared less cruel; till there
came
Bright angels down the shining slope of heaven,
With victor palms to bear her spirit home.
So martyrs perished and their faith prevailed."

Songs in Exile. By H. E. Clarke. (Marcus Ward.) Mr. Clarke is a poet *sans phrase*, and we should not have included him in this omnium gatherum of minor singers had it not been for a certain tone of imitation chiefly of Walt Whitman and Mr. Swinburne, from which in these *Songs of Exile* he has not known quite how to disembarass himself. But that he is a poet, and not a minor poet, we have but little doubt. Nor do we think that anyone who reads the following poem on "Age" will have much doubt either:—

"All the strong spells of passion slowly breaking,
Its chains undone,
A troubled sleep that dreams to peaceful waking,
A haven won.
"A fire burnt out to the last dead ember,
Left black and cold;
A fiery August unto still September
Yielding her gold.
"A dawn serene, the windy midnight over,
The darkness past,
Now, with no clouds or mists the day to cover,
The day at last.
"Thou hast thy prayed-for peace, O soul, and quiet
From noise and strife,
Now years for ever for the noise and riot
That made thy life."

Here again:—

"ON THE PIER."

"A crash of music, a blaze of light
Where the dancers whirl in glee.
And out beyond the silent night
Over the sighing sea.
Whose waves sigh on—sigh on—sigh on—
Whose waves sigh on for ever.
"So with its music of mirth and song,
Its glory of laughter and love,
To a maddening measure life whirls along,
But death is around and above.
And still thro' the music we hear the rhyme,
The sorrowful song of the tide of time,
Whose waves sigh on—sigh on—sigh on—
Whose waves sigh on for ever."

And again the verses of "On the Embankment":—

"Under the mist and the moonlight I wander alone
along,
Between the hum of the city and the river's
soothing song,
And the wind that blows from the water is keen
like a sword and strong."

"I love to roam by the river in the grey of the winter nights,
Till I seem to be nought but a shadow among the shadowy sights,
Above and below and around me a dazzling tangle of lights.

"Lights that glow in the water, lights that burn in the sky,
Lights that twinkle and change, lights that flitter and fly,
And the great moon over all ruling supreme on high,

"Clothed by the shining mist with a wedding garment of white.
And the tide of the Thames to left and the city's tide to right
Run swiftly out in the darkness, filling the ear of night

"With a musical, mingled murmur that wakes in my dreaming brain
Thoughts that are sad for pleasure and yet too soothing for pain,
And steals 'twixt the thoughts awakened like a far-off song's refrain.

"There is passion and pain and sorrow, there is hope and rest and ease,
And labour with love for a guerdon in the mingling melodies,
And my vague unrest is quiet, and I am content and at peace."

The rest of this poem is, perhaps, too strongly suggestive of *Leaves of Grass*. Indeed, Mr. Clarke's matter is so strangely compounded of originality and reminiscence, that we have thought it better to quote than to comment. He has some spirited "rebel songs" and some tuneful agnosticism, of both of which we feel some suspicions as to their sincerity, but none whatever as to their goodness. Altogether, this first book of his is the most interesting of its kind which has been published for some years. But all must depend on his next.

Lloyd's Poetical Magazine. (Elliot Stock.) We have not been able to discover in this almost exclusively poetical magazine any justification for the panegyric which Mr. James Payn recently passed on magazine verse. "A Prose Poem" with which it begins does not strike a very high key-note, and the verse-poems—as we suppose they are to be called—which follow are for the most part no better. Here and there among sixty or seventy pages of verse there is evidence that the writers have read some poetry, but we cannot perceive that they have written any.

Poems and Translations. By Henry Lowndes. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Mr. Lowndes has collected in this volume a very large number of pieces, which are for the most part very short, including a considerable number of translations and a good many sonnets. As Mr. Lowndes is fond of the sonnet it is a pity that he does not study its form more closely. His work on the whole, however, is not work to be disrespectfully spoken of. It is not ambitious, and for the most part lacks distinctness of character, but the following short poem puts forth a claim which is, on the whole, not ill justified:—

"MY LITTLE BARK.

"With little bark and lowly sail,
I hug the shore and shun the gale.
Let others dare the storm-swept sea;
The sheltered peaceful bay for me.

"My little craft I hand and steer,
And veer about without a fear.
To more adventurous hearts I leave
To fare forth where the billows heave.

"And tiny though my shallop be,
It is a ship and on a sea.
And something of the joy I share,
Of those who farther seaward dare."

Peepul Leaves. By H. C. Keene. (W. H. Allen and Co.) Mr. Keene's little book, the

title of which is rather too exclusively Indian for its contents, gives, as one reads it, a pleasant feeling, which is not easy to justify by any special quotation or extract. The author is somewhat too fond of moulding, not merely the form, but the subject of his verse, on that of others—a sign of a somewhat dubious and hesitating talent. His thought is often ingenious, but seldom perfectly expressed, while his expression, as we have hinted, partakes too much of imitation. Still, we repeat, *Peepul Leaves* is a pleasant book to read, with greater variety and body in its themes than the majority of such books. "The Death of Akbar," a dramatic fragment deserving completion—we are rather inclined to fear that Mr. Keene is one of those who shrink from much labour in their literary work—shows considerable aptitude in its class of composition.

The Lay of the Bell, &c. By Andrew Wood, M.D. (W. P. Nimmo.) Dr. Wood has amused himself with taking certain very well-known works of Schiller, the "Lay of the Bell," the "Ring of Polykrates," the "Cranes of Ibycus," and so forth, and translating them into an artless kind of English verse, which has the merit of being generally faithful, and the demerit of being almost invariably tame. He has prefixed an admiring Preface, in which he analyses the poems he has selected in a rather innocent fashion.

Cædmon, Ralph, and other Poems. By A. V. Irwin. (Charing Cross Publishing Co.) We have endeavoured with some pains to find a quotation which shall do justice to Mr. Irwin, and have failed. Few pieces of his are free from some absurdity, which might lead the reader to think his book even worse than it is, while it would be necessary to quote many to exhibit the dead level of monotonous incompetence on which he chiefly disports himself.

La Fontaine's Fables. Books I. and II. *Les Orientales*. First Series. Translated by J. N. Fazakerley. (Kerby and Endean.) Mr. Fazakerley is certainly one of the boldest men whose acquaintance, in a literary sense, we have ever had the pleasure of making. To translate La Fontaine and Victor Hugo is a task which the most intimate familiarity with French literature and English composition would not embolden some people to attempt. Mr. Fazakerley, as usual, has been "requested" to publish his versions, and he modestly claims for them that they are "at least fairly literal," a boast which is evidently sincere, inasmuch as he gives the original face to face with his Englishing. The proceeding is honest but unwise. On the first page at the end of the address to the Dauphin we find the words:—

"Et si de t'agrée je n'emporte le prix
J'aurai du moins l'honneur de l'avoir entrepris."
Here the honour is transferred from the poet to the prince, for Mr. Fazakerley renders the last line "at least thou'rt honoured by an adventurous muse." Turning over the leaves, we come to the fable of the drones and the bees. Here we have "n'a-t'il pas assez léché l'ours?" rendered "Has he not cleanly licked the platter?" Now, not only is there not the slightest imputation in the original on the judge's honesty, but Mr. Fazakerley seems to have no notion of the meaning of "lécher l'ours," which means to "lick a thing into shape"—to take much pains over it. An acquaintance with idiomatic French is surely a *sine qua non* for a translator of La Fontaine. As for the version of *Le Feu du Ciel*, we would much rather not say anything about it. M. Victor Hugo is made in it to appear in a guise sorry enough to satisfy Mr. Myers himself.

The Earth: an Epic Poem. By Mrs. C. B. Langston. (S. Tinsley and Co.) The author of an epic poem on the earth which does not

occupy more than sixty pages cannot be accused of unduly spinning out her subject. Some other accusations might possibly be brought against the poem, but Mrs. Langston has excused herself from any charge of rashness beforehand. "Who," she says, "when led by the muse to the dazzling regions of fancy, rapt in her mesmeric enchantment, is sensible of the dangers of the precipice or the deadly malaria of the jungle?" We really cannot answer this question, being ourselves as critics not given to take such excursions under such circumstances. The muse who guided Mrs. Langston to the dazzling regions of fancy appears to have suggested Thomson's *Seasons* as a useful guide to versification of the wonders there beheld. At any rate, *The Earth* is more suggestive of the good-natured Bard of Kew than of any other model. We cannot, however, say that Mrs. Langston is a proficient in Thomsonian verse, and we fear that a writer who begins one part of her poem with such a verse as—

"When eternity was cleft and from its womb,"
and ends another with such a verse as

"And whose chambers are thy crystal waters,"
must be quite destitute of ear.

The Heresy Hunt. By a Layman. (Dundee: Kidd.) The circumstances of this little narrative or satire, or whatever it is to be called, are wholly Scotch, and it scarcely appeals to readers south of the Tweed, who do not know the mania for scenting heresy which besets the aggrieved parishioner north of that river more strongly even than the desire to fend off the scarlet lady besets his southern brother. The poem is written in a curious style which is half-consciously and half-unconsciously burlesque, but it is perhaps in its favour that the end is, on the whole, better than the beginning.

The Storm, and Random Rhymes. By John MacLaughlin. (Newman and Co.) These random rhymes are exactly what they describe themselves to be, verses for the most part occasional, usually fairly observant of grammatical and metrical rules, but deserving no further notice.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW AND Co. are about to issue, in a cheap and popular form, a series of "English Philosophers," the object of which is to present a connected view of the contributions made to the advancement of philosophy by English thinkers. Each volume will contain an exposition of the views of one philosopher (or, in a few cases, of two or more), with brief biographical sketches. Among the contributors will be Profs. Fowler and Green, of Oxford, and Monck, of Dublin; Dr. Huxkin, St. John's College, Oxford, Head-master of Repton; Miss Helen Taylor; Messrs. Lang, Buckle (All Souls'), Gosset (New College), J. A. Farrer, Harry Johnson (Queen's), &c. The series will be edited by Mr. Iwan Müller, of New College, Oxford.

We understand that Sir George Dasent is at work upon the Life of his brother-in-law, Mr. John T. Delane, and it may be expected in the course of the autumn. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will be the publishers.

The March number of the *Antiquary* will include, *inter alia*, an original autograph letter of King Charles I., as yet unpublished and unknown to historians. It is dated from Caversham, near Reading, only six months before his execution, and is addressed to his son James, afterwards Duke of York and eventually King.

In addition to the daily illustrated paper which is projected, we hear that there is some talk of a new weekly, to be devoted to fiction and general literature.

OLE BULL, whose death was erroneously reported in the papers not long ago, has just celebrated his seventieth birthday at his residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Among the guests were Mr. Longfellow, Mr. J. T. Fields, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Letters of apology for non-attendance were read from Mr. Whittier, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, and others.

THE third centenary of the death of Camoëns, which occurred on June 10, 1580, will be celebrated this year in Lisbon.

MR. ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH SHAW, of Chipping Barnet, Herts, has nearly ready for the press *Historical Memoirs of the House and Clan of Mackintosh and of the Clan Chattan*. In this work, which will be issued to subscribers only, separate accounts will be given of the Macphersons, Macgillivraes, Macbeans, and other septa of the clan.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND Co. have in the press and will publish about Easter a new volume of poems by Mr. Ernest Myers. Beside lyric and elegiac pieces, it will contain a translation of the eighteenth book of the *Iliad* ("The Armour of Achilles") in a metre which, though akin to the hexameter in length and in rhythmical movement, has its lines rhymed. The volume opens with a narrative poem (in the same metre) on the "Defence of Rome" in 1849 by the Republic against the French troops.

"BELOW THE LIBERAL GANGWAY" is the title of a series of sketches commenced in the *Congregationalist* for March, the subject of No. 1 being Mr. Joseph Cowen.

A REVIEW by Mr. Stephen Tucker, the present Rouge Croix, of Mr. Joseph Foster's new *Peerage* appeared in the January number of the *Genealogist*. It acknowledged that Mr. Foster's elaborate volumes might ultimately become "a book of reference of great value," but contained some severe criticism on their "glaring faults," and some sarcastic references to the assistance which the compiler had derived from some of the officials in the College of Arms. Mr. Edward Bellasis, the Bluemantle of that venerable institution, has printed for private circulation among the devotees of heraldry and genealogy a vigorous rejoinder, in which he defends Mr. Foster's statements, and comments on the aid which Rouge Croix has given to other works of a similar character. The quarrel is a very pretty one, and very entertaining to all but those who are enamoured of heraldry or the heralds. Surely it is not desirable in the interests of the gentlemen serving in the College of Arms that the public should be enlivened by such displays of fraternal animosity. *Bellum plusquam civile*. The fate of a house divided against itself is proverbial, and a thousand instances have proved its truth.

MESSRS. HINRICHS, of Leipzig, have issued their annual systematic survey of the German book market. According to them the number of new works issued in 1879 amounts to 14,179, as against 13,912 in the previous year. The greatest increase is shown in the departments of jurisprudence, pedagogy, politics, and statistics, while the decline is most visible in all departments of *belles lettres*.

MESSRS. MOXON, SAUNDERS AND Co., of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, have in the press *Gwynedd: a Tragedy, and other Poems*, by the author of *Margaret's Engagement*, *My Insect Queen*, *A Horrid Girl*, &c.

MESSRS. ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK have a new work in the press by the Rev. Dr. Raleigh, entitled *The Book of Esther: its Practical Lessons and Dramatic Scenes*.

AN interesting reminiscence of Webster is preserved in a letter belonging to a lady in one of the Western States of America. The letter was written by the owner's grandmother, and in it

the writer explains that the reason why she had time for letter-writing in the evening was that "Cousin Grace Fletcher is trying to entertain a young man by the name of Daniel Webster by playing checkers. Father and Uncle Chamberlain think him a young man of great promise, but we girls think him awkward and rather verdant."

H. TOLLIN, of Magdeburg, has issued a reprint of Servetus' *In quendam Medicum apologetica Disceptatio pro Astrologia*. The reprint is of interest because the book was one of those publicly burnt, and it was supposed that no copy was extant until this was discovered in the Paris Library.

UNDER the will of the late Mr. J. Brown Bright, of Waltham, Harvard University will receive the munificent sum of £10,000, half of which is to be used in scholarships for students bearing the testator's name and descended from his Anglo-Saxon ancestor, Henry Bright, and the income of the other half to be applied annually for the increase of the college library. Harvard now possesses scholarships of the aggregate value of £5,000 per annum.

MR. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS has finished the new volume, *Lear*, of his Variorum Shakspeare, and copies are expected to reach England about the middle of April. Mr. Furness has dedicated his *Lear* to the New Shakspeare Society.

STUDENTS of palaeography will find in the *Rassegna Settimanale* of February 15 a full history of the famous Medicean Virgil in the Laurentian Library of Florence. The article is by Prof. Cesare Paoli, a weighty authority in palaeographical science.

MR. W. J. ROLFE'S edition of *King John* in his School and College Series of Shakspeare's plays is just published. His edition of the *First Part of Henry IV.* is all in type, as well as half his edition of the *Second Part*.

THE question of who was the inventor of printing was, it seems, by no means settled by Dr. van der Linde's *Life of Gutenberg*, and his claim for that German worthy as the long-sought inventor. The well-known incubulist, Mr. J. H. Hessels, has been patiently examining Dr. van der Linde's supposed proofs of Gutenberg's claim, and finds them almost as ill-supported, almost as much founded on forgeries and documents with faulty pedigrees, as Dr. van der Linde found that Coster's claim and the "Haarlem Legend" were. Mr. Hessels' series of articles on Gutenberg and what may be called the "Metz Legend" will appear in monthly instalments in our excellent contemporary, the *Printing Times*, published by Messrs. Wyman, of Great Queen Street. Every document of importance in the controversy will be translated and commented on, the forgeries exposed, and the copies of the copies of supposed originals that have never been produced, and whose whereabouts has never been ascertained, will be shown to be as valueless as they really are; at least, so we are informed.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS requests us to state that to Mr. Andrew McCallum alone belongs the honour of having discovered the rock-cut adytum, crude-brick courtyard, pylon, and staircase, at Abou-Simbel, mentioned in Prof. Sayce's letter on "Egyptian Research" (*ACADEMY*, February 21). Miss Edwards assisted in the work of excavation, but can claim no share in the discovery.

WE understand that some metrical correspondence which was exchanged last summer between Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. E. C. Stedman is to appear in the March number of *Scribner*.

MESSRS. PAETEL BROS., of Berlin, are

about to bring out in parts an important work on Spain, by Theodor Simons, with numerous illustrations by Prof. Alexander Wagner, of Munich.

THE new Director of the Ecole Normale de Paris, appointed to succeed the late M. Eugène Bersot, is M. Fustel de Coulanges, the distinguished historian, whose chief work is a study on *La Cité Antique*, full of incisive scholarship and philosophical acumen. This selection is all the more universally approved, as M. Fustel de Coulanges is wholly unconnected with party politics.

MR. THOMAS HAYES, of Manchester, has disposed of his extensive second-hand bookselling business to Messrs. H. Sotheran and Co., of London.

NANA, M. Emile Zola's new novel, has just been issued by Messrs. Charpentier. It is stated that 40,000 copies were sold in advance of publication.

WE understand that the Commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke, by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, D.D. (the new volume of the *Commentary for Schools*, edited by Bishop Ellicott), is being passed through the press as rapidly as possible, in order to meet the requirements of students competing in the Cambridge Local Examinations of 1880. The work will be issued in a few days by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.

THE death is announced of the Russian poet Glinka, which occurred on the 23rd inst.

WE have received the fifth annual edition of the *Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities for 1880*, by W. F. Howe (Longmans); *Battles in South Africa, including the Zulu War*, by D. C. F. Moodie (Adelaide: Robertson); *The Defence of Great and Greater Britain*, by Capt. J. C. B. Colomb (Stanford); *The Book of Job*, translated from the Hebrew by J. M. Rodwell, third edition (F. Norgate); *The Gospel in the Nineteenth Century*, third edition (Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.); *Poesie di Maria Ricci Paternò Castello* (Firenze: Le Monnier); *In the Beginning*, by R. H. Sandys, second edition (Pickering); *A Treatise on Statics*, by George M. Minchin, second edition, corrected and enlarged (Clarendon Press); *Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management*, new edition, revised and corrected (Ward, Lock and Co.); *Drill Book of Vocal Culture*, by the Rev. E. P. Thwing, fourth edition, enlarged (Partridge); *Puzzledom: for Fireside Amusement (Hand and Heart Office)*; *A King's Daughter, and other Poems*, by S. B. Keightley, second edition (Grattan, Marshall and Co.); &c.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Feb. 19, 1880.

THE great literary event of the month of January was the reception of M. Hippolyte Taine at the French Academy. The situation of this eminent writer has, within the last two or three years, become a very singular one. For many years previously, although he had always confined himself to the domain of pure speculation, the bold character of his philosophy had caused him to be regarded as a leader by the representatives of the Revolutionary party, while the Clerical party were so bitter against him that M. Guizot could not obtain a prize from the French Academy for the *History of English Literature*, which is still M. Taine's best title to fame. But since M. Taine has dealt with the French Revolution, he has applied to the study of the events which took place before and after 1789 the same method as he had before applied to the study of English literature. Drawing his conclusions with mathematical rigour, he finally maintains, like Carlyle, that that revolution was above all a revolution of

famished men, and that behind the display of great principles the real revolutionary force was the urgent need of a people driven to extremities. Immediately, with a marvellous revulsion of feeling, the foes of Liberal ideas, in their delight at finding this theory maintained by a man so little exposed to the charge of Clericalism, began to laud him to the skies in place of their former depreciation, and the foes of Clericalism in their turn to accuse the historian of apostasy. M. Taine, who is a philosopher and nothing else, and who, like Spinoza or Kant, thinks for thinking's sake, without troubling himself about the outer world, was astonished, on presenting himself at the Academy, to meet friends where he had only looked for foes, and foes where he had expected friends. This little comedy is worthy of remark as indicating the extreme intensity of political passion in France, which causes the introduction of politics even where politics are altogether out of place. We must thank M. Taine for having preserved his composure in presence of this injustice of opinion with regard to his scientific conscience to such a degree that his discourse on M. de Loménie was a masterpiece of proportion and tact, and likewise a finished portrait, drawn by an excellent painter, of a somewhat insignificant model.

Immediately after M. Taine, another Academician became the lion of the day. I refer to M. Alexandre Dumas, whose social pleadings have always had the power of rivetting public attention. He has just delivered himself in a discussion on Divorce which has been raging for some months. M. Alfred Naquet, a member of the Extreme Left, having, as the saying is, "belled the cat," has published a book on the re-establishment of divorce, which was established in France by a law of 1792, and suppressed by a law of 1816. M. Naquet has delivered several lectures on the subject, and has brought in a Bill which has suggested to M. Léon Renault, a member of the Left Centre, the preparation of a masterly Report. The Catholics have taken the alarm at this movement of public opinion in favour of divorce, and have undertaken a campaign in the opposite sense. The fashionable preacher, a Dominican, F. Didon, has made divorce the subject of his Advent sermons, which he has published in a volume entitled *L'Indissolubilité du Mariage*. M. Emile de Girardin has answered him in the *Gaulois*. M. l'Abbé Vidieu, vicar of one of the first churches in Paris, has published another work against divorce under the title *Famille et Divorce*. It is this book of M. l'Abbé Vidieu to which M. Alexandre Dumas now replies in a brochure of four hundred pages, *La Question du Divorce* (Lévy). M. Dumas has confined himself to the theological ground on which M. l'Abbé Vidieu had placed the question, and has endeavoured to prove that there was no dogma peremptorily forbidding divorce; that, in point of fact, between 1803 and 1816, the Church pronounced its benediction on unions which were subject to the law of divorce; and that, moreover, it was a necessity for the Church to avoid entrenching herself in an irrevocable *non possumus* unless she desired to alienate modern society for ever. This pamphlet of M. Dumas does not seem to have convinced M. l'Abbé Vidieu, who has replied in the *Figaro* by a letter in which he stigmatised M. Dumas' book as utterly anti-Catholic. Confining ourselves to the literary point of view, we can scarcely regard this work as equal to its author's high reputation. Whether it is that theological detail is too prominent in it, or that M. Dumas has neglected to mark by very clear divisions the various stages of his argument, it is certain that, as a whole, it leaves a confused impression on the reader's mind. We must mention, however, one very fine and eloquent passage on the mis-

understanding which exists between the Church and modern France. This passage begins with the lines:—

"On n'a pas eu impunément le front rafraîchi par l'eau du baptême, on n'a pas impunément été bercé par vos doux cantiques, par vos poétiques fictions, par vos mythes séduisants . . ."

It should be added that M. l'Abbé Vidieu, now brought prominently into view by M. Dumas' letter, is a writer of merit, to whom we are indebted for a good history of the Paris Commune in 1871.

If we except this book, which is notorious rather than really remarkable, the beginning of the year has been characterised by an unusual dearth of original publications. Philosophy, strictly so called, is almost solely represented by a work of M. Ernest Naville on *La Logique de l'Hypothèse* (Germer-Baillière). Everybody knows that saying of Newton's, "hypotheses non fingo," as well as the contempt professed by the two founders of modern logic, Bacon and Descartes, for the hypothetical method. It has become a commonplace that modern science is distinguished from mediæval precisely by the substitution of the experimental and rational method for the hypothetical and imaginative. Such is not the opinion of M. Ernest Naville, who considers the hypothetical method as the great scientific weapon—a view which leads him to attribute a very large share in the investigation of the laws of nature to the force of the individual genius of men of science. Perhaps the distinction is, after all, rather verbal than real, for scientific hypothesis is distinguished from the hypothesis of the Middle Ages by features which would necessitate two different terms for the two methods. However this may be, M. Naville's book will be found to contain a number of ingenious observations, and a very careful and well-written chapter on the history of philosophy.

Nor has literary or critical philosophy produced a large number of works in this unpromising opening of the year. Now, in France, since the death of Ste.-Beuve, criticism has been in a most pitiable state. There are many writers, like M. Emile Zola in his *feuilleton* to the *Voltaire* or M. Barbey d'Aurevilly in his articles in the *Constitutionnel*, who review contemporary books; but these two writers, to take them as an instance, are likewise original authors, and they hold combative doctrines which do not allow them to be, like Ste.-Beuve, an impartial thermometer, fixed, as it were, on the forehead of the age, and marking even its slightest indications almost mechanically. The only two men who might play this difficult part of analysers of contemporary taste are MM. Taine and Edmond Scherer. But the one has confined himself to history, while the other is expending his energy in political life. Meanwhile, a writer has arisen, already fiercely attacked, but apparently destined little by little to become one of the most influential arbiters of literature. This writer—M. Ferdinand Brunetière—belongs to the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, to which he contributes a monthly *chronique*. He has just collected a considerable number of these *chroniques* under the title of *Etudes critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature française* (Hachette). These are essays corresponding to the chief periods of our literary history. The first article treats of the Middle Ages, which, after being very unjustly despised, are much too blindly admired in their semi-barbarous literature. Do not certain scholars go to the length of placing the *Chanson de Roland* on an equality with the *Iliad*? M. Brunetière refutes them in pages full of earnest and powerful satire, which are, to our thinking, the best in his book. Then come articles on Pascal, on M^{me}. de Sévigné, on Molière, &c. M. Brunetière is a man of the seventeenth

century by virtue of his taste for a literature consisting of ideas rather than sensations. But he is quite a man of our own time by the extreme abundance and rare accuracy of his knowledge. His defect is that he possesses too little of that quality of which Ste.-Beuve possibly possessed too much—I mean the capacity of understanding tastes and temperaments most utterly opposed to his own. Is not a critic at once a reporter and a judge in the literary cases which come before him—a reporter, to impartially register the arguments *pro* and *con*; a judge, to decide in the last resort? It appears to me that in M. Brunetière the judge is more prominent than the reporter.

In the order of less militant and far remoter criticism, we must not pass over without a recommendation to those interested in the things of antiquity M. Alfred Croiset's book on *Pindare et les Loix du Lyrisme grec* (Hachette). M. Alfred Croiset has endeavoured to show what circumstances of civilisation and what a harmony between the various arts gave rise to that unique production, with its combination of poetry and music, the Greek ode. The whole of the technical portion of this work, in which the author has availed himself of the labours of a French musician, M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, on the popular songs of modern Greece, will possess peculiar novelty for those students who have by practice acquired an intimate knowledge of the Greek strophe. But this is a work for specialists, and it will be understood that we cannot dwell upon it at any length under the penalty of falling into a dissertation. We must now pass to works of the imagination, which constitute the literary movement strictly so called.

These are far from numerous, and almost all belong, so far as the novel is concerned, to the so-called "naturalistic" school of which M. Zola is the head. First we may mention *La Fin de Lucie Pellegrin* (Charpentier), by M. Paul Alexis. This contains four tales, which, under different titles—"La Fin de Lucie Pellegrin," "L'Infortune de M. Fraque," "Les Femmes du Père Lefèvre," and "Le Journal de M. Mure"—depict with much accuracy the details of manners in certain corners of Paris and of the provinces. Although this is a maiden volume, it is no novelty to the readers of papers for the young, for M. Paul Alexis had published these tales more or less everywhere. Great clearness, a faculty of very minute observation; a gaiety which is often contagious, recommend these novelettes. Unfortunately, M. Alexis, like the rest of his school, takes pleasure in the commonplace, and does not possess the infinite sensibility of Dickens, or the stately style of Balzac, to preserve him from vulgarity. Yet he is far above the level of MM. Vast and Ricouart, who have just published a new novel, *Le Tripot* (Deriveaux), in which they have tried to analyse the decline and fall of a man of the world under the influence of a passion for gambling. These writers are too utterly deficient in style; but they nevertheless give us some curious details of the hidden haunts in Paris in which gambling, tracked down by the police, has taken refuge. A third writer of the naturalistic school, M. Léon Hennique, has brought out with the same publisher a very novel work in dialogue form, *Les hauts Faits de M. de Ponthau*. He announces in his Preface that his intention was to show by a parody the absurdity of romantic methods. As a matter of fact this parody turns out to be a fairly brilliant picture of religious fanaticism in the reign of Henri Quatre. When we have mentioned the appearance at M. Dreyfous' of a novel by M. Adolphe Racot, *Madame Felicia*, which deals with the question of divorce in its different aspects, we shall have passed in review all that is most noteworthy in this branch of literature. It is evident that the above are all

second-rate works; but the publishers announce, for immediate publication, M. Emile Zola's new novel, *Nana*, already the subject of so many discussions and attacks, which will perhaps furnish me, in my next letter, with an opportunity of criticising the naturalistic school in the person of one of its most prominent masters.

Poetry, again, is not represented by any productions from the famous pens of our contemporary Parnassus. M. Antony Valabrègue publishes, through Lemerre, *Les Petits Poèmes Parisiens*. Like M. Alexis, M. Valabrègue has scattered these pieces, which he gives in their collected form, broadcast through a host of journals and reviews. It makes a pretty book of very short poems, for the most part treating of subjects of every-day life. M. Antony Valabrègue especially delights in the somewhat confined landscapes, the woodland or village corners, in the neighbourhood of Paris. It is all very graceful, though slightly feeble, and occasionally reminds one of the sonnets of your Lake school as revealed to us by Ste.-Beuve by the translations in his *Joseph Delorme*. Beside this thoroughly modern book, we may mention the translation of Ovid's *Amores*, by M. le Comte de Séguier (Quantin), a translation which is often perilously accurate. We have here one of those books by scholars, untroubled by scruples, like the magistrates of the eighteenth century. M. Quantin has given us an edition which is a gem of elegance. We must not leave this publisher without mentioning a reprint of Millevoeye under the supervision of the "Bibliophile Jacob," which may be considered a new edition on account of the large number of pieces hitherto scattered among the reviews of the time, and now first collected by the learned annotator. It produces a very singular impression to re-read these verses of the beginning of the century, which seem old and faded like the toilettes of the long-departed beauties of the day. Yet it cannot be denied that some few pieces are still touching by virtue of a charm of delicate sensibility which is now nowhere to be found save in the verses of M. Sully-Prudhomme.

Reprints, it should be added, are all the vogue. Never were famous or even half-known authors the object of more pious care. M. de Lescure has just issued, with Jouaust, in two volumes, an excellent selection from the works of Champfort, the misanthropic moralist of the end of the eighteenth century. He has prefaced this selection with a remarkably complete notice, containing a very subtle characterisation of this peculiarly French genius, biting and cruel, isolated and pitiless, of whom Balzac said, "We should make a book with what he puts into a *mot*," and of whom Roederer wrote, "It would need a volume to explain to an American intellect the whole sense of an epigram of Champfort." And M. de Boislisle is beginning through Hachette the publication of the standard edition of the *Memoirs* of the Duc de Saint-Simon. The text is carefully collated with the original MS., and all the comments written by Saint-Simon himself in the margin of Dangeau's journal are added; while a mass of documents and of matter that throws light on the text combines to give to this masterpiece the character of a standard history of France at the close of the seventeenth century and under the Regency. We shall return at a subsequent stage of its progress to this magnificent work, which will comprise not less than thirty volumes.

PAUL BOURGET.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- BRANDEN, G. Lord Beaconsfield: his Life, Character, and Works. Trans. Mrs. George Sturge. Bentley. 10s. 6d.
HEINE, W. Japan. 1. Abth. Leipzig: Urban. 5 M.

- JEFFERIES, R. Hodge and his Masters. Smith, Elder & Co. 12s.
JENNER, E. Die Mänsen der Schweiz. Bern: Jenni. 6 M.
MACGREGOR, Andrew. Old Glasgow: the Place and the People. Blackie. 42s.
MEYERHEIM, F. E. Eine Selbstbiographie d. Meisters. Berlin: Sulke. 1 M. 50 Pf.
PLANS et Monnaies des Bains de Pompéianus, près de l'Oned-Athmenia (route de Bédif). Paris: Challamel aîné. 50 fr.
STAFFER, P. Shakespeare et les Tragiques grecs. Paris: Fischbacher. 8 fr.
VIRCHOW, R. Beiträge zur Landeskunde der Troas. Berlin: Dümmler. 22 M.

History.

- DAPONTE, C. Ephémérides Daes; ou, Chronique de la Guerre des Quatre Ans (1736-39). T. 1. Paris: Leroux. 20 fr.
DECHERISSE, L. Douai pendant la Révolution. 1789-1802. Paris: Lib. de la Soc. Bibliographique. 12 fr.
DEVERIA, G. Histoire des Relations de la Chine avec l'ANCIEN-VIETNAM du XVI^e au XIX^e Siècle. Paris: Leroux. 7 fr. 50 c.
MASSARI, G. Il Generale Alfonso La Marmora. Milano: Hoepli. 6 fr.
MÉMOIRE d'Armand du Plessis de Richelieu, Evêque de Luçon, écrit de sa Main, l'Année 1607 en 1610. Paris: Pion. 5 fr.
SERVIGNY, Jehan. Gestes et Chroniques de la Maison de Savoie, publiés par F. E. Bollani. Milano: Hoepli. 40 fr.
WAURIN, Jehan de. Recueil des Chroniques et anciennes Histories de la Grant Bretagne, à présent nommée Angleterre (1422-31). Ed. W. Hardy. Rolls Series. 10s.

Physical Science and Philosophy.

- BAILLON, H. Histoire des Plantes. Monographie des Rubiacées, des Valérianiacées, et Dipsacacées. 2^e Livr. Paris: Hachette. 15 fr.
HINKES, T. History of British Marine Polyzoa. Van Voorst. 63s.
KANITZ, A. Plantae Romanae hucusque cognitae. Pars I. Klenburg: Demjén. 4 M.
OBSERVATIONS de Poulkova. Publiées par O. Struve. Vol. IX. St. Petersburg. 48s.
SCHMIDT, E. Ausführliches Lehrbuch der pharmaceutischen Chemie. 1. Bd. 2. Abth. Metalle. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 10 M.

Philology.

- BERNAYS, J. 2 Abhandlungen üb. die Aristotelische Theorie d. Drama. Berlin: Besser. 4 M. 80 Pf.
LAUTH, F. J. Siphthas u. Amenmesses. München: Franz. 2 M.
ROMAN (le) d'Aquin, ou la Conquête de la Bretagne par le Roy Charlemaigne. Chanson de Geste du XII^e Siècle. Nantes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAUCER.

Banff: Feb. 21, 1880.

Chaucer's "Frere's Tale" (vol. i., p. 350, ed. Bell-Skeat, 1878) exposes the extortions practised by the summoners of the ecclesiastical courts under threat of prosecution for immorality or some other ecclesiastical offence. These very extortions formed the subject of a complaint in Parliament in 1378 (*Rot. Parl.*, iii. 43). The fines exacted by these means were dignified by the name of Bishop-almes ("Bischope-almois"). The coincidence is a testimony to the accuracy of the poet's pictures of English life; and the curious thing is that the horse and cart which figure so picturesquely in the "Frere's Tale" also appear in the parliamentary petition, which complains that poor men were often served with citations when driving their cart and horse.

J. H. RAMSAY.

BASQUE, SCANDINAVIAN, AND URALIC NAMES FOR "SATURDAY."

6 Norfolk Terrace, Bayswater, W.: Feb. 21, 1880.

The Basque names for "Saturday" are *larumbat*, Guipuscoan, Biscayan, and Labourdin; *ebiakoitz*, Low Navarrese; and *neskanegün*, Souletin. The first word means "one quarter," from *lauren* "quarter" and *bat* "one"—viz., "one quarter of a lunation," four lunations or weeks being taken for one month, and Saturday

* "et auxint les ditz Somnours facent lour sommons as diverses gentz par malice, come ils sont en alantz a lour charuiz en les champes, & aillours, & les surmettent diverses crimes torcenouses, & la facent les povres gentz de faire fin, qu'ils appellont *The Bischope Almois*: ou autrement le dit Somnour les face sommons de XX. ou XL. leukes de la, einz & aucun foitz en deux lieux a un jour, a grant deseease, empovreiment, & oppression des ditz povres Communes."

being the last day of the week or the completion of the quarter. The second word, *ebiakoitz*, *irakoitz* at Bardos, is a corruption of *egubakoitz*, given by Harriet in his Grammar, p. 420. It means *egun* *bakoitz*, "day unique," and applies very well to Saturday, considered as a day of rest or holiday, as it is by Jewish and Sabbatarian Christians. With regard to the third word, *neskanegün*, *neskanegun* at Roncal, its meaning is "the maid-servant's day." *Neska* means in the Roncalesse sub-dialect of the Souletin "maid-servant;" *neskaren*, of which *neskan* is the abbreviation, "of the maid-servant;" and *egun* or *egün* "day." This name can only have been properly applied to Saturday, when it was generally kept as a day of rest, in the same way as Sunday is now kept as a day of rest or holiday by servants in general, and by Basque maid-servants in particular.

As to the Icelandic Saturday, *laugardagur*, and its Swedish and Danish derivatives, *lördag* and *lørdag*, it means "bath-day," from *laug* "bath," whose genitive is *laugar*, and *dagur* "day." It is but natural to think that the idea of bathing and purifying one's own body should have been given to Saturday from the time when it had not yet ceased to be kept as a holiday, as it is well known that preparatory ablutions very often precede holiday ceremonies.

Among the Uralic languages, *lavantai*, Fin, and *lavardak*, Lap, are mere corruptions of *laugardagur*, Icelandic; *laupäev*, Esthonian, is also such in its first part *lau*, although its second part, *päev*, is pure Uralic. The Lief *püöl* *püüva* means "half-day." The Permian *subbōta*, the Zirianian and Mordvin *subbota*, the Mordvin *subta*, the Hungarian *szombat*, do not require explanation. The Votjak *kös munal* and the Tcheremiss *kuksh-keshid* both signify "dry day," and this meaning applies very well to a holy Saturday; while the Vogul *chotit chotel*, meaning "sixth day," excludes all idea of holiness from it.

L.-L. BONAPARTE.

THE WALDENSO-CELTIC VERSION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Edinburgh: Feb. 16, 1880.

To Prince Lucien Bonaparte my best thanks are due for the characteristic politeness of his ready response to my appeal on this subject. If there be no earlier edition of the *Oratio Dominica* than that of 1700, to which I have traced back what the Prince well calls the egregious blunder of the Waldensian-Celtic dialect, then it is not unlikely that on "B. M. Typogr. London," the editor or compiler of that edition, must rest the responsibility of palming off on us, in joke or sober earnest, this ponderous philological "claimant." But is it not premature to conclude that there is no earlier edition? The edition of 1700, like that of 1713, bears in large type on its title-page the imprint of EDITIO NOVISSIMA. At first sight these two editions appear to be identical, but a closer examination shows that it is not so. The earlier edition was on sale by DAN BROWN ad insigne Bibliorum, and W. KEBLEWHITE sub Cygno in area Boreali D. Pauli. But in 1713 DAN BROWN conducted his business apud Cygnum nigrum extra Temple Bar, and associated with him in the sale of the work were CHR. BATEMAN, ad Biblia in Pater-noster-rov, and W. INNYS, sub Insignibus Principis in area Boreali D. Pauli. The copperplate illustration on the title-page is also reversed, the sheep-dog which, under an overhanging beech tree, in the one edition, watches a flock of large-tailed sheep grazing quietly on the uplands to his left being in the other edition stationed at the left of the landscape and looking to the sheep on his right. There is the further difference that the edition of 1713 has introduced Bishop Wilson's Manx version of

the Lord's Prayer, which does not appear in that of 1700.

But the point to which I desire especially to direct attention is the practical importance of discovering how this Irish or Erse version of the Lord's Prayer came first to be printed as "Waldensian." My theory is that either directly, or at second-hand from the album of some collector of philological curiosities, it was under that name copied into the *Oratio Dominica* from the "Waldensian" MSS., brought back by Sir S. Morland from his mission to protest against the cruel persecution of the Waldenses, and in 1658 deposited for safe-keeping in the library of the University of Cambridge.

As bearing on that theory, I beg to add that the early copies of this "Waldensian" version, before being touched up by future editors, bear internal evidence of their being copied, not from the printed page, but from MS., and that by a scribe who knew nothing of Irish or Scotch Gaelic. His mistakes of n for u, b for h, e for c, imm for uinn, r for t, &c., and his transposing the last and emphatic word of the last petition to the commencement of the Doxology cannot be reasonably accounted for on any other supposition.

And now if my theory is well founded, it implies that in the beginning of last century there existed in the Cambridge University Library, among a large but well-arranged collection of "Waldensian" MSS., a most valuable Celtic MS. translation of the New Testament, or of large portions of it, which may yet, I hope, be brought forth into the light of day.

DONALD MASSON.

TREGELLES' GREEK NEW TESTAMENT.

Cambridge: Feb. 18, 1880.

An article by Mr. Pocock in the ACADEMY of February 14 on the posthumous concluding part of Dr. Tregelles' *Greek New Testament* contains some statements or implications which ought not to remain uncorrected. On matters of opinion, such as Mr. Pocock's desire to read a new and original description of Dr. Tregelles' critical views instead of an arranged collection of scattered pertinent passages from Dr. Tregelles' own writings, no remark need be offered.

1. "It does not appear what parts have been assigned to each editor." The desired information is given in detail at pp. xxviii., xxix., xxxi.

2. In two places Mr. Pocock implies that "the first two gospels" alone Dr. Tregelles was unable to use the Sinai MS. in the formation of his text. Unfortunately, this was the case in all four gospels, the last chapter of St. John excepted.

3. "It would have been something if only his editors had given some opinion on their own part how far the text . . . would have been modified by the additional evidence afforded by" the Sinai MS. At p. xxx. this sentence will be found:—

"It is manifestly impossible for anyone else to supply by conjecture a list of the readings which Dr. T. might be presumed to have wished to correct; but it seemed worth while to distinguish by certain marks those readings, supported by fresh evidence, which were likely to have seemed to him at least worthy of serious consideration on a fresh revision."

The next two paragraphs explain in detail three classes of these readings, which bear distinctive marks throughout the Addenda. Dr. Tregelles' "opinion of the value" of the Sinai MS., as broadly exemplified in his text of the later books, was naturally a chief guide in the insertion of the marks.

4. "In the *Addenda et Corrigenda* . . . we find a mixture of notes which are for the most part, we suppose, due to Dr. Tregelles, but in many of which Dr. Tregelles' name is quoted." Two of the "four pages of Introduction signed

with the initials" of the senior editor (xxviii. ff.) describe in detail the selection and collection of the Addenda and Corrigenda (occupying, be it said in passing, not "several," but fifty-two leaves) as furnished by himself and his colleague; nothing is said of notes left by Dr. Tregelles for this part of the work, except "a short list of *errata*" already printed, for, unfortunately, there was nothing to say.

F. J. A. HORT.

PROF. WEBER AND BABU RAJENDRALALA MITRA.

Calcutta: Jan. 15, 1880.

I request the favour of your inserting in the ACADEMY the accompanying letter in reply to Prof. A. Weber's letter published in your issue of November 15 last.

RAJENDRALALA MITRA.

"To Prof. Albrecht Weber, Berlin.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for sending me a revised slip of the letter which you have addressed to me through the columns of the ACADEMY of November last.

"You complain in your letter, first, of my having commented on your paper on the Krishna janmāsh-tami without having read it; and, second, of my having committed 'a gross mistake' in a foot-note in my work on Buddha Gaya.

"With regard to the first, addressing me, you say, 'You certainly cannot have read at all my paper.' Pardon me, my dear sir, if I am mistaken, but I cannot help thinking that this sentence has been written without sufficient consideration. You were well aware when writing it that I had quoted in my book a passage from your paper, and also reproduced one of your illustrations; and you will, I am certain, admit that I could not have done so without reading at least a part of your paper. Is it possible that you use the words 'at all' in the sense of *carefully*? If so, permit me to observe that there is no fixed standard for care, and opinions may differ as to what is sufficient for any particular purpose, and that without meaning any offence.

"In refutation of the statements contained in the foot-note to which you take exception you have been pleased to refer me to the *Indian Antiquary*, vol. iii., pp. 21ff., vol. vi., pp. 28ff., and vol. vii., p. 285. The first two volumes contain an English translation of your essay, and p. 285 of the last has a paper on the Malayalam language, but nothing about the nativity of Krishna. I have read all the three volumes, but I have failed to find out in what respect I have committed a 'gross mistake.'

"In the foot-note there are four statements:—(1) That in describing a certain picture you have erroneously called the mother in it Devaki, whereas it was Yasodā; (2) that Devaki had no opportunity to perform the maternal duty of nursing her child; (3) that, according to the Bhāgavata Purāna and the Harivansa, Krishna was, as soon as born, taken away from his prison-cell and left with Yasodā, who reared him up; (4) that Hindus in India would not so grossly falsify the story as to make Devaki nurse her son.

"As regards the first statement, I must at once admit that I was well aware that your paper was written with the primary object of working out the theory that the story of the nativity of Krishna was founded on some corrupt version of the Biblical account of the birth of Christ. I was, however, not certain that you had deliberately substituted Devaki for Yasodā, and therefore used the word 'erroneously,' which, I thought, was the least likely to give offence. That the picture represents Yasodā and not Devaki I had no reason to doubt, and a second reading of your paper has not sufficed to convince me that I was mistaken.

"According to the description quoted by you (*Ind. Ant.* vi. 285), 'A picture of Devaki, made of gold, silver, copper, brass, clay, wood, or jewels, or only painted with colours, is to be placed in the middle of the *Satikāgrha*. This represents Devaki as endowed with all the characteristics of beauty, as half asleep, as radiant as burnished gold; moreover, in company with her son, as having, in fact, just given birth to him, and being rejoiced in

consequence of this moment (of the pain overcome?), while the sleeping child, lying at her side, is drinking at her breast.' Had you not stopped short in your quotation you would have added that the child 'should be four-handed, holding a mace, a discus, a conch shell, and a bow, and decorated with a garland of wild flowers.' The words of the text are—*sankha-chakra-gadda-sārngā-vana-māla-vibhāṣitam, chaturbhujam mahāpunyam śthāpayet, latra bhaktitah*. In the picture produced by you there is a woman, richly ornamented, sitting bolt upright on a sofa, and holding a two-handed child, also richly ornamented, and sitting upright. You will admit that two sitting figures cannot be accepted as a fair pictorial representation of a description which has a sleeping mother just after her confinement, with a sleeping child lying by her side. The artist could have had no difficulty in producing two figures lying side-by-side, and giving four hands to the child; and since he has not done so it is obvious that he had some other scene in view.

"It should be added that the picture recommended in the description is nowhere stated to be a faithful representation of the nativity, but a fanciful, ornamental one, for the decoration of the lying-in-chamber. It should include, not only the mother and child, but Yasodā, Nanda, Devas, Nāgas, Yakshas, Vidyādhars, Urugas, Prajāpati, Daksha, Garga, and others, who are nowhere said to have been present in the lying-in-chamber on the occasion of Krishna's birth; as also various scenes from the life of Krishna, such as his destruction of demons and the like, which, according to the legend, happened long after his birth. Had you referred to these you would have given a correct account of the ceremony, though it would have seriously interfered with the analogy between the nativity of Krishna and that of Christ, which you undertook to establish.

"With reference to the second and the third statements, I beg to refer you to verses 37 and 38, chap. iii., of the tenth book of the Bhāgavata Purāna, where you will find that as soon as the child assumed the natural human form (*prākṛitah* Śiṣuḥ) he was removed from the lying-in-chamber to the abode of his foster mother. (Verse 37 begins with *ityukta siddha*, &c.) To the Vaishnava there is no scriptural authority higher than the Bhāgavata, and it entirely contradicts your position. Your authority to say that the picture produced by you was of Devaki is a Persian label put on a picture painted by a Musalman, and I rely on the Bhāgavata Purāna. If you will kindly bear this in mind you will easily perceive how the so-called 'gross mistake' has arisen.

"The fourth statement needs no comment. It must follow, as a matter of course, if the correctness of the first three be admitted. As a Vaishnava by family religion, a descendant of a long line of Vaishnavas, and one in whose family chapel the fast of nativity is celebrated every year, I can only repeat that neither I nor my co-religionists believe in Krishna having been nursed by Devaki. Thousands of printed pictures are annually sold of the *Madonna lactans*, and they all represent Yasodā, and Krishna, and not Devaki and her new-born babe. Let me add that the pictorial representation is not deemed an essential part of the ceremony, nor is it anywhere produced in Bengal on the occasion of the fast. At the Puri temple the nativity is enacted by a dancing girl and a priest, very much in the same way in which scenes from the life of Christ were enacted in the passion plays of mediæval Europe.

"I follow your example, and send this letter for publication in the ACADEMY.—With every sentiment of respect, I remain, yours very truly,

"RAJENDRALALA MITRA."

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, March 1, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

5 p.m. London Institution: "Health and Dress," by Dr. B. W. Richardson.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Manufacture of India-rubber and Gutta-percha," V., by T. Bolas.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: Paper by Prof. Stokes.

TUESDAY, March 2, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Physiology of Muscle," by Prof. Schüfer.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion on "The Use of Asphalt and Bitumen in Engineering;" "The Purification of Gas," by H. E. Jones.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Contributions to the Anatomy of Passerine Birds," I., by W. A. Forbes; "On New

Species of Birds from Eastern Ecuador," by P. L. Slater and O. Salvin; "On the Sea-Birds Collected by Lord Lindsay's Transit Expedition to Mauritius," by Howard Saunders; "On New and Little-known Butterflies from India," by A. G. Butler.

8.30 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Notes on the Assyrian Numerals," by George Bertin; "On a Cuneiform Tablet relating to the Capture of Babylon by Cyrus, and the Events which preceded and led to it," by Theo. G. Pinches.

WEDNESDAY, March 3, 7 p.m. Entomological.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Pictures in Galleries and Churches from London to Venice," by Eyre Crowe.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The History of Musical Pitch," by A. J. Ellis.

8 p.m. Archaeological Association: "Recent Excavations at Pergamos," by Dr. Phené; "Romano-British Interment at Firgrove, Hants," by Dr. J. Stevens.

THURSDAY, March 4, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Recent Chemical Progress," by Prof. Dewar.

4 p.m. Archaeological Institute.

7 p.m. London Institution: "The History of Gems," by E. J. Watherston.

7 p.m. Numismatic.

8 p.m. Linnean: "On the Phosphorescent Organ in Fishes," by Dr. Günther; "On *Codilium Gregarium* (A. Braun) as a new British Alga," by E. M. Holmes;

"Abnormal Head of *Antilocapra Americana*," by J. Jenner Weir; "On the Hebrides of Argentina," by Dr. F. Day.

8 p.m. Chemical.

8.30 p.m. Royal. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, March 5, 8 p.m. Geologists' Association.

8 p.m. Philological: "A Comparison of the Gaurian with the Romance Languages—Part II., Morphology," by E. L. Brandreth.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Deep-Sea Dredging and Life in the Deep Sea," by H. N. Moseley.

SATURDAY, March 6, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Dryden and his Period," by George Saintsbury.

SCIENCE.

Medicinal Plants: being Descriptions, with Original Figures, of the Principal Plants employed in Medicine, and an Account of their Properties and Uses. By R. Bentley and H. Trimen. 4 vols. (J. & A. Churchill.)

THE authors of this laborious work, the publication of which has extended over more than four years, may be congratulated on its completion. They may fairly claim for it the merit of being the most valuable addition, during recent years, to the literature of the border-land between botany and pharmacy. The scientific pharmacist should be acquainted, not only with the medicinal effect of drugs and with their microscopic structure and other properties, but also with their botanical source. And it is remarkable how wide are still our gaps in this department of knowledge. But little trustworthy information is to be had respecting the trees, shrubs, or herbs from which are obtained many of the drugs which form not unimportant articles of commerce in London and the other capitals of Europe. Whatever is certainly known, or conjectured with probability, will be found in these handsome volumes, together with a coloured drawing of the plant, and generally also details of the part which yields the economic product. Of the mode in which the work has been done nothing but good can be said. The drawings, nearly all original, are somewhat unequal in value, and some few do not seem to us to come up to the high standard aimed at; but on the whole they are excellent. The two authors have arranged between them a plan of distribution of labour by which Prof. Bentley takes the pharmaceutical and Dr. Trimen the more purely botanical portion of the work. The unrivalled stores of knowledge possessed by the former of these gentlemen in his own department, and the unusual advantages of the latter in ready access to the rich collections at the British Museum, were thus utilised; and the result is the production of a work which will long retain its place as a standard book of reference

replete with the most trustworthy information on the subject of which it treats.

ALFRED W. BENNETT.

Introduction to the Science of Language. By A. H. Sayce. 2 vols. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

IN the *Principles of Comparative Philology*, published six years ago, Prof. Sayce dealt almost exclusively with questions still under controversy. The acuteness, freshness, and width of learning displayed in that work were recognised at the time in these columns; and the principles set forth in it have since received very general, if not universal, acknowledgment. The accomplished author has now published "an attempt to give a systematic account of the Science of Language, its nature, its progress, and its aims, which shall be at the same time as thorough and exhaustive as our present knowledge and materials allow." It is naturally based upon the method and theories set forth in the former work; but these, though occasionally confirmed by new arguments and illustrations, are assumed rather than discussed; and a much larger part of the present volumes is devoted to a statement of the universally admitted facts of the science. Hence the two works have each their independent value, and are equally indispensable for the student of philology.

In attempting to form a judgment on Prof. Sayce's new book, it is impossible to avoid a comparison with the works of Prof. Max Müller and Prof. Whitney, which have hitherto been deservedly the favourite text-books with English students. As compared with either of these, Mr. Sayce's volumes will probably be felt to be less well fitted to be the first "introduction" to the subject. If based upon lectures—as to which we have no information—the lectures must have been such as would be delivered to an academical and not to a general audience. Though clearly written, and abounding in happy illustrations, they cannot be said to have the fascinating grace of style which lends such attractive power to Prof. Max Müller's lectures; and they frequently assume an acquaintance with the problems of linguistic science which makes their study a severer strain on the "general reader" than either of Prof. Whitney's more popular volumes. But in systematic completeness they are far superior to the former; and in wide range of mastery of the latest results of philological enquiry they have a not less marked advantage over the latter. In one very important respect Mr. Sayce has come to his task better equipped than either of his predecessors. It would, indeed, be great injustice to accuse either of these eminent scholars of being merely a Sanskritist. But Mr. Sayce's extensive Semitic and Accadian studies give him a freedom from "Aryan" predispositions, the effect of which is clearly seen for good in his treatment of many of the most important and difficult problems of his science. Hence his new work may fairly claim to hold a place that has been vacant hitherto. As a text-book for academical study, we have nothing which is comparable to it; and such are the varied attainments needful for the production of a work of the

kind that we may venture to predict it will long remain unrivalled.

In his first chapter Mr. Sayce gives an account, more full than any accessible to the English reader, of the history of philology, from the earliest times at which men began to reflect upon the nature of language. Few will be inclined to charge this with undue length, as Mr. Sayce seems to fear. It is quite essential to a proper understanding of scientific method, as distinguished from wild guessing. It is hard to see why the date 272 B.C. should be assigned to Livius Andronicus, and what is meant by "the Alexandrine origin" of the plays of Plautus (vol. i., p. 17); and in the survey of more recent works undue favour seems to be shown to the theories of Westphal and Ludwig: but on the whole the review is admirably sound and instructive.

In a second chapter Mr. Sayce discusses the nature and science of language, and develops his doctrine of the sentence as the unit of speech, and the basis of the only sound classification of languages, with much force and clearness.

The third chapter, on "Change in Language," is noteworthy especially for the abundance of its highly interesting illustrations.

In the fourth chapter, on "Phonology and Sematology," the physical basis of speech is clearly and very fully described; and the fact that it has been revised by Mr. Sweet is an additional guarantee, if any were needed, of its completeness and accuracy. The "science of meanings," which by its very nature is one of the most difficult branches of the science of language, is treated much more briefly, but some valuable hints are given, under seven distinct heads, as to the causes which have led to a transference of meaning.

In the fifth chapter, on the Morphology of Speech, the Metaphysics of Language, and Comparative Syntax, there are more points of detail open to criticism, but the general principles are as firmly grasped as anywhere. The last section of this chapter is apparently treated but slightly; but a fuller discussion of the recent advances in our knowledge of comparative syntax, which might be looked for here, will be discovered in chap. vii.

The chapter on Roots is one in which Mr. Sayce is brought sharply into conflict with some widely current philological doctrines, and some of his propositions are, to say the least, not yet firmly established. He defines roots as "the phonetic and significant types discovered by the analysis of the comparative philologist as common to a group of allied words," and quotes with approval the words of M. Bréal:—

"It is not probable that in the ante-grammatical period there were as yet no words to denote the *sun*, the *thunder*, or the *flame*. But the day when these words came into contact with pronominal elements, and so became verbs, their sense also became more fluid, and they dissolved into roots which signified *shining*, *thundering*, or *burning*. We can understand how the old words which designated the [individual] objects afterwards disappeared to make room for words derived by the help of suffixes from these newly created roots."

It is not quite clear, either from these words or from any others of his own, how far Mr. Sayce would be prepared to admit the inde-

pendent existence of these roots; but he rejects most emphatically the doctrine that there ever was a time when men spoke "in single syllables, indicative of the ideas of prime importance, but wanting all designation of their relations," and pronounces this language a sheer impossibility. But is not this to ignore, what elsewhere he rates at its full value, the power of gesture and tone to help out language? Relations may be indicated, even where they are not designated by spoken language; and thus a vague and indefinite (not philosophically "abstract") root may have done duty as a "sentence word." There are two arguments on which Mr. Sayce seems to lay special stress as supporting his views. One is the tendency of savage and barbarous dialects to create a superabundance of names for the individual objects of sense, while general terms are very rare. But this argument unconsciously postulates, what is elsewhere expressly denied, a uniformity in the methods of thought and expression among various races. It is a blunder to force Aryan and Semitic forms of thought upon wholly unconnected languages. Is it not an equal error to argue that the Aryans must have passed through a particular stage because we find this existing in Zulus, Cherokees, and Tasmanians? Secondly, there are groups of words which cannot be referred to any root—that is, they do not share any phonetic type with any group of words; *door*, *fores*, *θύρα*, *dwāram* are isolated in their several languages. But here, again, though we may not be able with certainty to establish any root for want of materials, we may with some plausibility suggest a common source—for instance, in the root *dhu*, "to blow through," which enables us to bring *forum*, "an open space," and other words into the same group. Mr. Sayce would have strengthened his position if he had shown more explicitly how a language such as Chinese differs essentially from a combination of predicative and demonstrative roots, such as Whitney's theory assumes. The evidence on which he believes that all roots were originally at least disyllabic might have been stated with more fullness. Fick's theories do not help him much. But the limits of a brief notice do not admit of a discussion of the numerous interesting points in this chapter, nor of more than a hasty glance at the remainder of his second volume.

The genealogical classification of languages is based upon Dr. F. Müller's *Grundriss der Sprachwissenschaft*, the value of which has already been recognised in these columns. The survey of the inflexional families of speech is thoroughly trustworthy, and is marked by a familiarity with the latest researches which is really astonishing considering the ground covered. On comparative mythology Mr. Sayce's words are full of a caution and sobriety which are most welcome in the presence of the rash theorising which has been so abundant in the realm of folklore. He repeats once more the warning, which seems to need constant reiteration, that, so soon as we overstep the limits within which philology guides us, we are apt to become the sport of all kinds of vain imaginings. In a concluding chapter he passes over a wide range of subjects—from the origin of language, where he shows a wise eclecticism, to our

English orthography, where he is a vigorous champion (like almost all philologists of name) of a thorough-going reform. A very full list of authorities and a detailed analytical Index close the work.

The remarks already made will serve to show that Mr. Sayce's volumes may claim henceforth to be the standard work upon their subject. But a standard work should be made as far as possible faultless; and it is only in the hope of contributing to that result that I venture to suggest a few improvements for a subsequent edition. In the first place, Mr. Sayce, though not sparing of references, has left us without the means of verifying some of his statements, which are novel, and sometimes doubtful. Thus 'Απόλλων may be 'Α-κφολλων, "the son of the revolving one" (i. 319), the root *kvar* appearing in Greek as *πελ*, *πολ*; but the derivation is by no means generally recognised, and should have been supported by a reference or a note. The statement that "in the second century B.C. a Latin writer could still use *prior* as a neuter, *prios* or *prius* as a masculine" (i. 344 and elsewhere) is true enough in the first part (though even here a reference is desirable for the younger student); I do not know any authority for the second part of it. Secondly, while no one can accuse Mr. Sayce of ignoring the most recent researches, he is sometimes a little inclined to accept a hypothesis because it is the latest. Thus he several times refers with approval to Fick's essay, in which that scholar endeavours to prove that, *e.g.*, *λείπω* is earlier than the root *λεπ*, and regards his conclusions as established, whereas most scholars would probably be willing to admit that they have been absolutely demolished by the criticisms of Curtius, to appear in the new edition of his *Verbum*. Thirdly, Mr. Sayce must be begged, in the interest of younger students, to add a few more critical notes to his list of authorities. It is hardly fair to add the warning "(to be read with caution)" to Sir G. W. Cox's *Aryan Mythology*, while the works of Pictet, de Gubernatis, Westphal, Merguet, and others pass unqualified. At all events, some hints might be given as to the order in which books should be studied, and the extent to which their conclusions are generally adopted. And, finally, while all gratitude is due for the excellent index, let us have a fuller table of contents. Then the critic and the student will be hard to please who are not fully satisfied.

AUGUSTUS S. WILKINS.

CURRENT SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

Lightning Conductors: their History, Nature, and Mode of Application. By Richard Anderson. (Spon.) The author, having pointed out the extreme importance of the subject of the preservation of lofty buildings and ships from the effects of lightning, goes on to give a very exhaustive discussion, historical and otherwise, of the best methods of protection. He traces the early history of lightning conductors, the improvements in shape and material, Sir W. Snow Harris' classic experiments, and the latest developments. He gives, moreover, a complete list of works relating to the subject, and tables of accidents and fatalities from lightning. The book is clearly and sensibly written, and sufficiently illustrated, and is the work of a practical

man who thoroughly understands what he is talking about. We may specially commend it to the notice of architects, builders, and municipal officers who have the custody of large isolated buildings.

The Mechanical Theory of Heat. By R. Clausius. Translated by Walter R. Browne, M.A. (Macmillan.) At a time when the mechanical theory of heat was in its infancy, Prof. Clausius, of Bonn, published in the *Transactions* of various scientific societies a large number of memoirs tending to illuminate and to advance the subject. These have ever been regarded as among the bases of the theory. The comparative inaccessibility of the separate memoirs induced their author to collect them into one volume, and this was translated into English a few years ago by Dr. T. Archer Hirst. When a fresh edition of the original work became necessary, Prof. Clausius determined to entirely remodel it, and to convert it from a collection of isolated and sometimes disconnected papers into a text-book of the science. Accordingly he entirely rewrote the book, and it now forms, in the opinion of the translator, "a systematic and connected treatise on thermo-dynamics for use in universities and colleges and among advanced students generally." Mr. Browne has very carefully translated the work, and the proof-sheets have been examined by some of our most eminent mathematicians—Lord Rayleigh, Mr. Routh, and Prof. James Stuart. Three short Appendices have been added with a view to rendering the treatise as complete as possible: these relate to (1) the thermo-elastic properties of solids; (2) the application of thermo-dynamical principles to capillarity; and (3) the continuity of the liquid and gaseous states of matter.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE *Alpine Journal* continues Mr. Freshfield's charming papers on "The Maritime Alps." In the present instalment he gives two separate essays—a spring picture of the seaward valleys and an autumn picture of the Baths of Val d'Ieri. Mr. Pilkington's paper on "An Ascent of the Meije without Guides," read before the Alpine Club last December, is also printed in this number. Mr. G. A. Passingham gives a lively account of his attempt to make an old mountain look new by ascending the Weisshorn from Zirral; and Mr. A. Cust has an interesting paper on the survey of the Rhone Glacier by the Bern engineer, Herr Gosset. The notices of foreign Alpine literature are serviceably put together, as usual; but it is a little cruel to wind up an account of Würster's Rigi-panorama with an attack upon the Brothers Schreiber, who for so many years have done more than anyone to make a stay on the Rigi accessible to persons with small purses, and whose praise stands recorded in hundreds of travel diaries. The writer should read Prof. Osenbrüggen's testimony to them.

We understand that Mr. Hormuzd Rassam will probably start on another expedition to the East before Easter.

PROF. NORDENSKIÖLD will leave Italy in the *Vega* on Sunday next, and expects to arrive in London at the end of March.

SIGNOR MATTEUCCI and Prince Borghese have lately started from Rome on a journey of exploration in Central Africa. From Cairo they intend to proceed to Khartum, whence they will make their way to Darfur, the Wadai country, and the kingdom of Bornu, in Central Soudan, a region still very imperfectly known, the numerous waterways of which flow towards Lake Chad. From Bornu the two explorers contemplate directing their course towards Baghirmi and the Gulf of Guinea. If, however, the difficulties of such a journey should

prove insuperable, they will make for Tripoli, following Gerhard Rohlfs' route.

By a letter from the West Coast of Africa we learn that Mr. Stanley has founded the first Belgian station at Vivi, on the Congo, about a hundred and thirty miles from the coast, and five miles below the Yellala Falls. The position chosen is the summit of a hill, about a hundred and fifty feet above the river, and here an iron and a wooden house have already been erected. Mr. Stanley makes this place his head-quarters, but is constantly starting off without notice on expeditions into the surrounding country. The writer of the letter referred to, who had just returned from Vivi, is much impressed with the enormous difficulties which the expedition will have to contend with in traversing the mountainous country to Stanley Pool at the head of the Cataracts, where the second station is to be placed; indeed, he thinks it will take years to make a road and transport all the baggage, &c., of the expedition across such a wild region. Mr. Stanley, we learn, includes in his programme the thorough exploration of the Western Congo and the countries on both banks, after he has once reached the Lualaba. The expedition is stated to have taken the title of the "Société d'Etudes du Haut Congo."

THE International African Association are said to have received intelligence of the departure of the fourth Belgian expedition, under M. Alphonse Burdo, from Zanzibar on January 25. As M. Burdo only left Europe on December 10, his caravan must have been organised in readiness for his arrival, and such a prompt start is a strong proof of the energy and determination with which the association are now prosecuting their work, and which contrast favourably with the dilatoriness of the first expedition.

AN expedition has recently started from the French colony of Senegal to explore the Upper Niger region, but no very definite information has been received as to the details of the journey beyond the fact that the party will visit Ségou, where M. Paul Soleillet was detained so long in his vain attempt to reach Timbuktu.

UNDER the auspices of the Ministry of Public Instruction at Paris, M. Henri Lucereau is about to make a highly important journey to Upper Ethiopia and the Blue and White Nile region. He will visit Shoa, Enarea, Kaffa, and the Galla country. Possibly, also, he may find an opportunity of penetrating into the unexplored region southwards towards Mount Kenia and Kilima-Njaro.

DON RAMON LISTA has just published (Buenos Ayres: Libreria Europea) a volume entitled *La Patagonia Austral*, which he describes as the complement of his *Viaje al Pais de los Tehuelches*, to which we alluded some time back. In this second work Señor Lista gives an account of journeys and explorations in Southern Patagonia, as well as the results of his observations on the country and its past and present inhabitants. The principal chapters deal with orography, fauna and vegetation, Tierra del Fuego, and the Rio Chico, of which Señor Lista discovered the sources. The present work contains several illustrations and a sketch-map of part of the Chico. Señor Lista, we may add, hopes to publish a work of a more extended scope, under the title of *Descripcion Geográfica de la República Argentina*.

In connexion with the inter-oceanic canal project which is just now attracting so much attention on the other side of the Atlantic, it may be interesting to remind our readers that the Archives at Madrid are said to contain details of a scheme put forward some three hundred years ago by D'Avila, whose idea was to join

the Rio Grande and the Chagres by means of a canal.

MR. ANDREW GOLDIE is reported to have arrived at Thursday Island from a cruise on the coast of New Guinea, in the course of which he discovered some tribes hitherto unknown to foreigners. His exploration appears to have been chiefly along the shores of the Gulf of Papua, where he found an excellent harbour in Freshwater Bay.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Geological Society of London.—At the annual meeting of this Society, held on Friday, the 20th inst., Dr. H. O. Sorby delivered the anniversary address, and resigned the presidential chair to Mr. R. Etheridge, the palaeontologist of the geological survey. The address of the retiring president formed a sequel to that of last year, and dealt with the origin of the non-calcareous stratified rocks. At the same meeting the three medals which are in the gift of the Society were distributed. The Wollaston Medal was awarded to M. Daubrée, professor of Geology in the Natural History Museum at Paris, and director of the National School of Mines. The award was a mark of recognition of his labours in the field of experimental geology—labours which have been extended over the last thirty or forty years, and which are represented by the magnificent volume recently noticed in these columns. The Lyell Medal was presented to Dr. John Evans, who has especially distinguished himself in that branch of the science where geology tails off into archaeology. The Murchison Medal and Fund went to Mr. Etheridge, who has been for many years engaged in the preparation of an elaborate tabular work on British fossils, to be issued, we believe, from the Clarendon Press at the expense of the University of Oxford. The balance of the Wollaston Fund was given to Mr. T. Davies in recognition of his unobtrusive labours in the arrangement of our national collection of minerals; while the balance of the Lyell Fund was presented to the veteran Prof. Quenstedt, of Tübingen, who has made his mark not less in mineralogy than in palaeontology.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE *Indian Antiquary* for January contains some Bengali stories translated into English by the lamented Mr. Damant, of the Bengal Civil Service, who was lately killed by the rebel Nagas near Mozema. The last report of Dr. Müller, archaeological surveyor to the Government of Ceylon, is also reprinted *in extenso*. It confirms the very curious fact that though there are many inscriptions of the first four centuries of our era, and a few of still older date, there are none yet discovered between the fifth century and the ninth; from the ninth century onwards they are numerous, but unfortunately very short, and very badly preserved. There follows a very interesting and valuable paper on the history of India, translated from a Chinese dictionary into French by the late M. Rémusat, and from French into English for the *Indian Antiquary*. It gives several details of importance regarding the darkest period of Indian history—the last days of Buddhism, and the early beginnings of Hinduism. Prof. Cowell, of Cambridge, contributes the text and translation of a poetical summary of the Vedāntist system of philosophy, well known in India under the name of Hastamalaka. If it were not for the great influence exercised by such short abstracts of far-reaching systems of thought, they would be of but little importance, and the present poem is unusually short, con-

sisting only of fourteen stanzas. The usual notes and queries and book notices complete the number, the review of Prof. Max Müller's Hibbert Lectures by Principal Fairbairn, of Airedale College, being the most important of these shorter articles.

The Anabasis of Xenophon. Book III. With the Modern-Greek Version of Constantine Bar-dalaches, and a Prefatory Note by R. C. Jebb, M.A., LL.D. (Glasgow: Maclehose.) The relations between Ancient and Modern Greek have often formed the ground both of experiment and of satire. On the one hand we laugh at the senior classic who, after spending a quarter of a century on the study of Greek, is not able to ask for a glass of water in Athens; on the other, you will be assured in Athens that there is no such thing as Modern Greek at all, and that one and the same language has been spoken at all times by the Hellenic race. On the one hand it is insisted that the best way of teaching Greek to Englishmen is to accustom them to speak it colloquially; on the other, the traveller who has carefully furnished up a Modern-Greek sentence is told by his dragoman, as the writer was told by his, that he "can't stand [understand] Ancient Greek." The truth probably lies between these two extremes. The modern language is not identical with the ancient, although it resembles it enough to make it profitable for Greek children to learn to read out of the New Testament. The ancient language would receive a more living interest if the learner was encouraged to connect it with the lighter and more rapid medium of the modern tongue. This last result Prof. Jebb has attempted to obtain in this little work. It contains the third book of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, printed face to face with a Modern-Greek version. Two advantages will obviously spring from this arrangement. The learner will derive unexpected light on points of derivation and construction, and, further, he will have vividly brought before him the fact that the language has had an unbroken, though sometimes obscured and depressed, life down to the present day. If he goes beyond this he may acquire some power of speaking the modern language, and the idle public school-boy who despises Greek because "it is of no use in after-life" may be made to feel that it will help him when serving his country in Cyprus or shooting wild duck on the Albanian coast. The chief points of difference between Ancient and Modern Greek are well and shortly put in the Preface.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SPELLING REFORM ASSOCIATION.—
(Tuesday, Feb. 24.)

THE REV. F. G. FLEAY in the Chair.—Mr. J. B. Rundell read a paper on "The Graphic Representation of Vowels." Prof. Max Müller had said that scientific precision in the distinction of minute differences of sound was impossible without the aid of a "phonometer." Supposing such an instrument to exist, Mr. Rundell thought that there would still be needed a simple notation to express these sounds on paper so as to avoid the repetition of long definitions like "low-back-narrow," &c. Such a notation might be obtained by observing the following rules:—Given the line of writing, and that all vowels should be expressed by short advancing strokes drawn upward or horizontally, then "high," "mid," and "low" vowels would be expressed by the point of origin of the vowel-stroke being above, on, or below the line of writing. "Back," "mixed," and "front" would be indicated by the direction of the strokes either vertically upward, midway towards the horizontal, or actually horizontal. "Round" vowels would be distinguished by curved strokes; and "wide," as distinct from "primary," vowels by difference of length. These conventions were illustrated by diagrams showing how the system provided perfectly for the expression of each of

Melville Bell's thirty-six vowel sounds. In some such way as this, the writer thought, an international phonetic shorthand might eventually arise. —In the discussion which followed, Messrs. Fleay, Pitcairn, Evans, Woollen, Pagliardini, and others took part.

FINE ART.

UNGER'S ETCHINGS FROM THE
BELVEDERE GALLERY.

Die Kaiserl.-Königl. Gemälde-Galerie in Wien in Radirungen. Von Prof. William Unger, mit erläuterndem Text von Prof. Dr. Carl von Lützow. Lieferungen i.—x. (Vienna: H. O. Miethke; London: Dulau & Co.)

PROF. UNGER is rendering a genuine service to art in devoting himself to etching the masterpieces of the Belvedere Gallery, a service which will be nowhere more appreciated than by art students in England. For of all the great European collections, that of Vienna is the one with which our public is the least acquainted. Much of this is unquestionably due to its remoteness; something also to the fact that by whatever route the traveller has reached Vienna, he has previously explored the galleries, either of Germany or Italy. Again, it has not the reputation of possessing any of what may be called epoch pictures; as the *Transfiguration*, our *Raising of Lazarus*, the combined effort of Michelangelo and Sebastian del Piombo, the so-called *Night Watch*, or the *Mona Lisa* and *Marriage at Cana* in the Louvre. Neither is it celebrated for the representation of any particular school. Furthermore, of its 1,500 pictures, it must be admitted that a large proportion are of very secondary interest; so that many, who have not made art the study of their lives, may find themselves in the position of Mr. Boffin while prosecuting his literary researches. What to believe was his difficulty. For some time he was divided in his mind between half, all, or none; at length, when he was decided as a moderate man to compromise with half, the question still remained, which half? and that stumbling-block, we are told, he never got over. On this point, however, trustworthy assistance may be obtained from Prof. Unger's taste and sagacity; every work he has selected having, more or less, a representative character.

But in spite of whatever may be said, the Belvedere Gallery justly holds its foremost position. If no school can be better studied here than elsewhere, the same cannot be said of certain masters, notably Rubens, by whom there are thirty-nine works; though perhaps there are some among us from whom this statement will not elicit an enthusiastic response. Titian and the Venetians are in great force at Vienna; Albert Dürer is represented by the unusual number of seven examples. Pieter Breugel's naïf and vigorous presentations of rustic life are also more abundant here than elsewhere, and of exceptional excellence.

It must also not be forgotten that the enjoyment of the pictures is enhanced by their position and surroundings. The Palace of the Belvedere is a noble setting for the gems it contains. The works may not all receive such admirable lighting as that of the

recently erected gallery at Cassel, which should be studied by the architects of future picture galleries; but we all feel a certain appropriateness in the conversion of these old palaces, which have ceased to be royal residences, into museums—using the word in the Continental and correct signification—of the master-work of the great painters of past times. Their dignity adds value to the treasures they enshrine. And, after having studied the pictures, instead of finding oneself, as at London or Paris, in the turmoil of the streets, the stroll back from the Belvedere through the quaint gardens and park, with the view of the panorama of the city and distant hills, gives fitting pause and breathing space for reflection. Something of this feeling would be obtained if, devoting the present building in Trafalgar Square to the modern pictures, we removed the old masters to a National Gallery on the site of Kensington Palace. We should scarcely choose Cornhill to dally with a page of Catullus, or Threadneedle Street for the full enjoyment of an idyll of Theocritus.

Before Prof. Unger commenced his present undertaking he was favourably known to the art world by his publications of the Amsterdam, Brunswick, and Cassel Galleries, his *Frans Hals* series, and other etchings, principally in the *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst*. These were all smaller in size than his latest effort. And, beside the increase in the size of his plates, his admirers will gladly recognise an increase of richness and finish of style which places him second to none in reproducing the old masters. Indeed, this may be pronounced Herr Unger's special gift. Many English and French etchers are unsurpassed in rendering modern pictures; hitherto few have shown that same sympathy with the noblest art of the past as their German rival. And still more remarkable is the fact that he is equally at home with all the elder schools; all are found truthfully and surely expressed, and with genuine artistic delight.

Among the forty larger etchings already published, and about the same number of smaller incorporated with the text, may be particularised the portrait of Rembrandt by himself. The picture represents him in his forty-eighth year, when he was in the plenitude of his power. Power is expressed in his penetrating yet genial regard; one sees he is a man who will miss nothing coming within his range, and will appropriate all for the service of an imagination for which no theme was too high or incident too humble. The etching is a master-work of the art, and the prince of etchers, whom it portrays, would not have disdained acknowledging it. Most of all, it possesses that indefinable quality of mobility, as distinguished from action, so characteristic of Rembrandt's portraits. Of the Titians which have appeared, the most important is the *Ecce Homo*. Here, too, the picture is admirably put before us, and a notable invention it is. At the top of the steps of a building of Renaissance architecture stands the Redeemer, naked, and with bowed head. Pontius Pilate is presenting him to a crowd of Venetian knights and soldiers, nobles and senators, who throng the steps or stand below. The composition is enriched with banners and halberds, flashing armour, emblazoned shields,

and splendid draperies. Among the fierce and sensual heads stands one fair Venetian maiden. With all the action and movement there is the feeling of order and balance that Titian never wants. The series contains Giorgione's *Mathematicians*, a profoundly imaginative conception, and furnishing materials for a first-rate etching. The philosophers, in their semi-classical, semi-Oriental costume, contrast finely with the stretch of fair country, an Italian pastoral scene lit up by the setting sun. As effective as well drawn are the bare tree trunks and branches that stand in shade against the sky. The restrained intellectual activity, contrasted with the repose of nature, gives an almost typical character to this charming idyll. This passion for nature, combined with the studious, contemplative mood of the scholar, here seems to have anticipated some of the more thoughtful passages of modern poetry.

To the statement that the gallery is numerically rich in pictures by Rubens, it may be added that in quality they are unsurpassed. And, as was to be expected, in rendering the compositions of the great painter of nature and humanity, Herr Unger is at his best. He gives us the full crash and whirlwind of the storm and cataract in the *Philemon and Baucis*, and the soft flesh painting of the beautiful Helena Fourment going to the bath, nude, saving for the mass of dark crimson drapery which serves to heighten the dazzling brightness of her rounded form. The etcher is perhaps greatest in the *Venusfest*, which is one of the pictures bought from the Duke of Buckingham by the Archduke Leopold William. In the old catalogue of the Buckingham collection, it was described as "another large piece, wherein are several gods and goddesses of the woods, and little Bacchuses." It epitomises the Renaissance. It celebrates the triumph of liberated humanity. Nymphs, and fauns, and satyrs are dancing round the goddess of fecundity; troops of Cupids, hand in hand, swarm round the smoking tripod, or flutter among the foliage above, scattering fruits and flowers on the joyous company below. As elsewhere, the etching of the human form is masterly, and the whole composition, figures and landscape, glows with sunlight. Herr Unger must have learnt the secret of storing away sunbeams; he seems always to have such an inexhaustible supply at command. In the *Van der Capelle*, the paper is positively saturated with sunshine. Some ships and boats float idly on a calm sea, on a summer's day, when sea and sky are blended in an atmosphere of opalescent light.

Of very different character is the charming specimen of Terburg's delicate art. Here all is quiet, subdued and tender in tone. A lady in silken hood and fur-bordered *caraco* is seated peeling an apple, while a child, in feathered hat, gazes wistfully at the operation. Both mother and child have an air of refinement, as if bred in an atmosphere of cultivated burgher prosperity. The refinement of sentiment is carried out in the execution of the softly gradated lines and velvety tints of the etching needle. Simply from the point of view of execution, it is interesting to compare this with the Holbein and Dürer portraits, where the clear and decisive

outline and delicately modelled form are rendered with a firm regularity of line which rivals the early German engravings.

The letterpress which accompanies this remarkable example of genius and patient industry is from the pen of Dr. von Lützow, and discourses of the pictures and their histories in a pleasant and learned manner.

HENRY WALLIS.

THE "MADONNA DEL SACCO," BY ANDREA DEL SARTO, IN THE CLOISTER OF THE CONVENT OF THE SERVI AT FLORENCE.

THE state of decay into which this noble painting in fresco has fallen has been already noticed in the columns of the ACADEMY. A commission of eminent artists has been appointed by the Italian Government to report upon its condition and to suggest means for its preservation. If the account given in the *Gazzetta d'Italia* of the opinion of the experts is accurate, nothing could well be less satisfactory, for they affirm that its deterioration is principally due to the banging of a door beneath it which leads into the church, and that this must be removed and a glazed porch substituted. They also suggest the glazing of the entire cloister so as to protect this work of art and the other frescoes by Poccetti, Salimbeni, and Viscardi which adorn the arches. Every artist and lover of art must feel interested in the condition and best means of preservation of this famous mural picture, and I shall therefore endeavour to give as accurate an account of it as may be possible without the erection of a scaffold for its close examination. As the wall beneath it is three feet four inches thick, manifestly solid, and as the door is light of structure and is padded, I altogether dismiss it as the cause, in any appreciable degree, of the appearance and decay of the fresco. Could it shake so strong a wall, and could the shocks reach the picture, which is three feet above it, it might be anticipated that the *intonaco* would be loosened—a familiar and, unhappily, frequent cause of damage to frescoes. There is no appearance of anything of the kind; but on the other hand, there are abundant proofs of the action of damp in this part as well as in nearly every other of the arcades. The roof is inclined from the back walls of the cloister to the arches, and is covered with tiles—of course, easily displaced. Leakage in such roofs and carelessness as to their maintenance may be said to be the rule, and the same defects are the sources of injury to innumerable mural pictures everywhere; thus the cause and the effects are equally obvious. In estimating the nature of the decay of this picture it is needful to examine Andrea's work and method of painting. Few frescoes have a higher reputation in popular opinion than this one, and there can be no doubt that it is a very impressive work. It is apparent that the entire picture has been designed and drawn, as the Italians express it, "*di maniera*"—that is, without the presence of living models; thus some defects in action and form are obvious enough, and the drapery is very conventional in Andrea's large, broad manner. The face of the youthful Virgin is beautiful, as is also that of the Child, who is about three years old. Joseph's face is almost obliterated. The fresco has been thinly and rather carelessly executed, and has afterwards been strengthened by the artist in parts with distemper colour. The Virgin is clad in a red tunic, painted in fresco; her sleeves are pale yellow, also fresco; a green scarf covers her head, and winds round the body; this, I think, is distemper, and has stood well. As usual with Andrea, red, the complement of the green, is thrown into the shadows; it is almost invariably thus that he obtains power and contrast of colour

and harmony in his mural pictures. A white bodice is worn by the Virgin, and portions of her blue cloak are seen near the ground; these have been laid in in fresco with a gray tint of black and white, and afterwards covered with ultramarine in *tempera*, which has nearly disappeared. The costume is designed with very little reference to truth, for with the exception of the tunic, the Virgin is clad in the scraps of drapery found in an artist's studio, cast about her in a picturesque way inconsistent with the gravity and dignity with which this figure should always be draped. Joseph is dressed in a tunic of a purplish red, called by the old artists "*amatista*"—an earth not now found; and the general form, especially of the folds, is weak and conventional. A loin cloth on the Child is of the same colour. The architecture of the background is pale stone colour in fresco, much decayed. The *nimbus* of Joseph is of yellow ochre, also in fresco; those of the Virgin and of the Child have disappeared. The sack (which gives the name to the picture) is slightly yellow, with a green tie of *terra verte*. It is apparent that damp has injured the flesh tints, which have not been painted with sufficient solidity, while the draperies, more forcibly executed, have resisted its action better. The blue *tempera* as usual has suffered, but the green has stood well, and appearances of black spots here and there on the surface suggest fungi, arising from damp. The state of this remarkable and popular work is obviously irremediable, and the only way to preserve it in future is by providing a perfectly water-tight roof. The suggestions of the commission without this are useless. To remove the fresco altogether might rescue it if the *tempera* painting is not injured by the process; but the idea of its removal is necessarily painful. It is probable that in its present position it will disappear in the ensuing century.

I hope that the account which I have given of the real state of a painting, so long the object of admiration, may be found interesting. My recollections of it extend backwards for nearly fifty years, and my impression is that within that period there has been marked decay.

CHARLES HEATH WILSON.

PS.—FIESOLE.—The venerable cathedral, founded in 1028 and completed in the fourteenth century, is in the hands of the restorers. The Renaissance altars on the side walls are being removed, and we may be permitted to hope that no modern ones will be substituted. It is by their modern substitutes for older works that the Italians excite the warm criticism of foreigners; by such intolerable designs as those in the interior of the Cathedral of Florence or in Santa Maria Novella that they destroy all confidence in their taste and judgment. Better far were the heavy compositions of George Vasari than those now substituted. The Cathedral of Fiesole is an ancient church of great interest. If it is touched with reverent hands, it may be admitted that it will be well to remove the disfigurements which deform it, like many other ancient Italian churches, always provided that modern ones are not substituted.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Annual Report of the National Gallery for the year 1879 has just been issued. It takes count, among other matter, of the important bequests made by the late Miss Solly of Clifton, by the late Mr. John Henderson, and by the late Mr. J. H. Anderdon. About six thousand pounds has been spent on pictures during the year, more than three-fourths of this having been expended, as has been elsewhere pointed out, upon two Italian pictures. Of these the most famous is the newly acquired Perugino. Several minor English works have been bought at small prices, the Gallery having added to its collection of Morlands, Stothards,

and Wilsons. The number of visitors to the Gallery is believed to have been rather less than the number in the previous year, but the difference is slight. A curious return in the Report of the pictures most often selected for copying shows works of Greuze and Sir Edwin Landseer at the top of the list. It has to be noted that the Gallery is only open to visitors 180 days out of the 365. Perhaps a re-arrangement of the duties of some of the officials may lead to what we cannot but think a desirable amendment in this respect.

THE *Magazine of Art* prize competition drawings, the exhibition of which at Messrs. Howell and James' is about to close, cannot be said to reveal any very great amount of artistic ability among the subscribers to that excellent periodical. One cause of this, viz., the smallness of the amount awarded for prizes, is, we are glad to see, to be removed at the second competition, when £50 will be set aside for rewards, and distinct prizes given for figure painting and landscape. The drawing by Albert G. Morrow, to which the first prize has been awarded, is very neatly executed and cleverly designed for a youth of sixteen.

THE fifth annual exhibition of original paintings on china will be held at Messrs. Howell and James' during the months of May, June, and July, when valuable prizes will be given by many members of the Royal family and others.

THE same firm announce an exhibition of tapestry paintings by lady amateurs during next winter.

ABOUT half of the modern village built on the ruins of the temple at Eleusis has been purchased by the Archaeological Society of Athens with a view to the excavation of the site. New houses will be built lower down by the edge of the bay, and, when the present population has been withdrawn to these new quarters, the workmen of the society will begin operations—probably in the course of the present year.

THE contents of the tomb recently opened at Acharnae in Attica, and found to be of the same construction as the so-called treasury of Atreus at Mycenae, are being prepared for publication by Dr. Lolling, of the German Institute in Athens. They have the same character as the antiquities formerly obtained from the tomb at Spata in Attica. The excavation was at the cost of the German Institute.

EFFORTS are being made in Athens to prevail on the Government to remove to that city the sculptures found at Olympia in recent years in the course of the German excavations. The people of the district naturally wish to retain them as a matter of pride and perhaps also to attract visitors; but the chief difficulty is the law ordering antiquities to be preserved in the centres where they are found, so far as possible. In the case of Olympia there are circumstances which were not contemplated when this law was framed, and it is hoped that, by giving them fair consideration, the Government will agree to the removal of the sculptures to Athens, where room for them could very well be found in the National Museum. Olympia is difficult of access and ill provided with accommodation, while Athens is in both respects the reverse. Besides, Athens, with all her charms, would be the better for a large increase of specimens of ancient art, so that it may no longer be said by the typical traveller that he can "do" the town in two hours.

PROF. CURTIUS, of Berlin, contributes to the last number of the *Hermes* a short article against the commonly received opinion that the ancient statues of Harmodios and Aristogeiton in

Athens are to be recognised in the sketches of two advancing combatants on a vase in the British Museum, on a marble chair at Athens, and in the two well-known marble statues in Naples. Prof. Curtius thinks that these statues, and the sketches as well, had been derived from a pictorial original, and that they represent Miltiades and Kallimachos at the Battle of Marathon, leading on the attack in the attitude in which he supposes them to have been figured in the painting of that battle scene by Panaenos, in the Stoa Poikile at Athens. In this view there is nothing that is not, perhaps, reasonable in itself; but it may be doubted whether it will find general acceptance until stronger arguments are brought to bear against the existing opinion which associates the statues and sketches with the ancient group, made originally by Antenor, and when it had been carried off by the Persians, reproduced by Kritios and Nesiotes. That the Naples statues cannot be placed, so as to form a group is a matter of opinion and experiment on which the last word has not been said.

THE order to quit which, as we have before stated, has been given by the French Government to the Museum of the Luxembourg is exciting much indignation in artistic circles in Paris. A petition has been lately drawn up, which all artists are invited to sign, begging that if it is found absolutely necessary that the picture galleries shall be given up for the use of the Senate, they yet shall not be dismantled until some suitable building is provided in the centre of Paris for the reception of the works they contain; and likewise that the museum shall be preserved in its entirety, and not broken up, as at one time contemplated, and its pictures dispersed in other galleries. There does, in truth, seem a great deal of hardship in the sudden ejection of this time-honoured picture gallery, one of the favourite sights of Paris. What would be said if all the old pictures and relics stored at Hampton Court were unceremoniously turned out into the streets? No doubt the petition against this proceeding with respect to the Luxembourg will be largely signed.

LIEUT. CONDER is about to explore the site of Kadesh, that ancient fortified city of the Kheta (Hittites), which was besieged by Rameses II. in the fifth year of his reign. This siege, it will be remembered, is represented in a series of great military *tableaux* sculptured upon the pylons of the Temple of Luxor and of the Ramesseum, as well as on the north wall of the great hall in the large temple at Aboo Simbel. It also forms the subject of that celebrated Egyptian epic known as the *Poem of Pentour*. Kadesh is shown in the sculptures as a fortified island situated in a bend of the river, and it is connected by a bridge with one of the banks.

THE Duc d'Aumale has been elected a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, in place of the late M. de Cardaillac.

A COMPLETE history of Faenza ware will be published this spring by the Bolognese firm of Romagnoli. The author is Dr. Carlo Malagola; the work will be entitled *Memorie Storiche delle Maioliche di Faenza*, and will form a volume of about five hundred pages octavo, enriched with many newly discovered documents.

A SELECTION from the late Anselm Feuerbach's sketches is now on view in Berlin. Two large compositions, an *Entombment* and *Medea abandoned by Jason*, are especially praised by connoisseurs.

THE German excavations at Pergamus have unfortunately come to an end, the Turkish *firman* granted for the purpose having expired. The last discoveries are statues of Zeus and

Augustus, found near the Temple of Augustus, which appears to date from the time of Tiberius.

AMONG the pictures purchased by the Government of New South Wales at the close of the International Exhibition at Sydney are five by the French artists MM. Dubufe, Landelle, Lesrel, and Defaux. These, with the six English pictures purchased and others recently acquired, will all be placed in the Sydney Museum. This colonial national gallery is, indeed, progressing so rapidly that it evidently hopes some day to be able to vie with similar institutions in older countries.

M. P. ROUQUETTE, of Paris, is about to publish fifty-seven original drawings executed by Honoré Fragonard for Didot's edition of La Fontaine's *Contes* (1795). M. Martial is the engraver.

AN exhibition of the drawings of the late architect, M. Viollet-le-Duc, is shortly to be held in the Musée de Cluny, in a large *salle* that has not yet been opened to the public. M. Viollet-le-Duc *fils*, who has just received the order of the Légion d'Honneur, has been appointed, in connexion with M. du Sommerard, to classify the large and important collection left by his father, and to organise its exhibition.

THE *Times* announces the death, at Innsbruck, of the German painter, Franz Hellweger, at the age of sixty-seven years. He was associated with Cornelius in some of his most important tasks, working with him during three summers at the frescoes in the Ludwigs-kirche at Munich. He had also a large share in the decorative works in the cathedrals of Cologne and Spire.

THE *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* for February has chiefly an archaeological interest. M. F. Lenormant, whose notes on his tour in Southern Italy have recently appeared in the ACADEMY, contributes a first article on the result of the excavations in Suessula; and M. Anatole de Montaiglon continues his account of the antiquities and curiosities of the ancient town of Sens, describing especially the treasures preserved in its cathedral. Another archaeological subject is that of the ancient apsidal mosaic in the church of St. John Lateran at Rome, executed by the Torriti in the thirteenth century. The other articles of the number include the continuation of M. Lefort's "Velasquez;" the Vereschaguine exhibition; a biographical sketch of Pierre Vaneau, a provincial sculptor; an obituary notice of Alexandre Denuelle; and a review of the last works of the German sticher, W. Unger. The chief artistic worth of this number lies in a very fine etching by M. Rajon from a painting by Velasquez, representing Juan of Austria, jester to Philip IV.

IN his last Report on the trade and commerce of Hiogo and Osaka, H.M. consul furnishes some interesting notes with regard to the condition of Japanese art manufactures. Among these we learn that there is at present a very large demand for Awata ware, principally in the shape of vases, *tête-à-tête* tea sets, toilet services, and, to a limited extent, of dishes; these last-mentioned articles, however, are expensive, as great difficulty is experienced in burning flat pieces without warping, and failures from this cause alone often amount to fifty per cent. The better kind of Kioto stoneware is very chaste, but generally made in small pieces for native use. With regard to bronzes, those from Kioto are more artistically treated than those made at Osaka, and contain a large percentage of copper. The great amount of spelter in the latter description gives them a disagreeable appearance, which gilding and colouring fail to remove. Of the many articles included under the name of toys the following are in great demand:—Arima basket ware, paper

parasols, silk nursery balls, and *tajima* straw-covered boxes and cabinets. Considerable quantities of Kaga and Owari porcelain ware are, it is stated, now finding their way down to Hiogo and Kobe for shipment to Europe, for which purpose they appear to have been specially manufactured. Many new branches of industry in connexion with the art manufactures of Japan are continually coming into existence through the great amount of encouragement afforded by the demand in foreign countries, and it may be hoped that in his next Report H.M. consul may be able to afford us some information regarding the process of manufacturing such *articles de luxe* as the small inlaid bronzes and the transparent *cloisonné* of Kioto.

THE STAGE.

Forget me Not—a play which made a distinct impression upon the comparatively few playgoers who saw it at the Lyceum last autumn—was revived a few nights since at the Prince of Wales's, the occasion being the first performance at this theatre under the direction of Mr. Edgar Bruce, the new manager. *Forget me Not* bids fair to make a distinct mark both as an acting play and, in a lesser degree, as an addition to the literary drama. The principal character—a sufficiently repulsive one—is played by Miss Geneviève Ward with great and varied power, her performance here being finer than it was at the Lyceum in the "off-season." Miss Ward, we understand, has since last autumn repeated the part often in the provinces. The gentler and more attractive heroine is played by Miss Kate Pattison. Mr. John Clayton represents the chief male character with great discretion and restraint, his performance here counting as one of the best that he has given us. Mr. Edgar Bruce is, on the whole, to be congratulated on the choice of the play. It is likely to bring good fortune to his theatre, even though it by no means follows the traditions of the little Tottenham Street playhouse.

Macbeth is now performing at Sadler's Wells Theatre. Much has been done to ensure the success of the representation in a place full of Shaksperian memories. The scenery, the appointments, and the music are all good, though, of course, not on so costly a scale as was adopted under the same management at the Lyceum. In the yet more important particular of the representation of the chief characters, little is left to be desired. Mrs. Crowe is confessedly about the most competent Lady Macbeth—some would say even the only Lady Macbeth—now on the English stage. Mr. Talbot certainly cannot claim a like distinction; but he is a careful, thoughtful actor, gifted with fine voice and presence. About a dozen years ago he acted *Macbeth* at Drury Lane, and since then he has been a good deal in the colonies, where legitimate acting finds an appreciation which, until lately, has been apt to be denied to it in London. Another Shaksperian play will shortly be produced at Sadler's Wells, with a cast hardly less efficient than the present; and Mrs. Bateman is evidently doing all that she can do to render the little playhouse, which was so long the sole home of Shaksperian drama, continuously attractive.

UNDER the auspices of what is styled the International Literary Association there are to be given some afternoon entertainments by men of letters at the Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street. The first took place on Monday last, when an audience of moderate size assembled to hear Mr. Edward Jenkins read *Gino's Baby*. Mr. Jenkins had a severe cold upon him, which, of course, interfered with the effectiveness of his delivery. There was, however, considerable dramatic power shown in the latter part of the reading, Mr. Jenkins having then, in spite of

his indisposition, warmed to his work. Mr. Justin McCarthy will shortly give a reading, not from his own works, but from Dekker.

M. SARDOU'S new play at the Théâtre Français has been very fully reported in more than one English paper. Few pieces have excited so much curiosity, but the play is not a success, though it is undoubtedly a sensation. In it M. Sardou has gone even farther than other French dramatists have gone before him in the discussion upon the stage of grave problems. We have listened in France to the discussion at the theatre of the question of why a woman who is not all she should be is sometimes more attractive to a man of too ample experience than a woman who is. We have heard a senator's protest against the *luce effréné des femmes* drawn out into the dialogue of a four-act play. Divorce has been discussed, and what is to become of illegitimate children, and whether a democrat is not of necessity a humbug, and whether mothers should give up their only children to fight for France. But the profoundest questions of religion and scepticism have perhaps never before been touched so nearly as in the new play, which is made acceptable to mixed audiences only by the acting of Delaunay and Mdlle. Bartet. The actress was some time at the Vaudeville, where, especially in the *Désirée Delobelle* of *Fremont jeune et Rislér aîné* she made her mark as an actress of pathos, but her success in the new piece is more pronounced than in any other character.

In confirmation of Shylock having been treated in earlier days as a comic character, which the chief comedian, the Buckstone or Toole of the day, would play, we reprint Sir William Davenant's prompter's account, in 1706-8, of

"Mr. Dogget. On the Stage, he's very Aspectabund, wearing a Farce in his Face; his Thoughts deliberately-framing his Utterance Congruous to his Looks: He is the only Comick Original now Extant: Witness *Ben. Solon, Nikin, The Jew of Venice, &c.*" (J. Downes, *Rosc. Angl.*, p. 51.)

THE Hindu version of Shakspeare's *Cymbeline*, "Tara," has been lately very well performed at Baroda by a native troupe, the women's parts being acted by boys, as on the Shaksperian stage.

MUSIC.

ANTON DVORÁK'S SEXTETT.

LAST Monday evening was played for the first time at the Popular Concerts a sextett in A major, op. 48, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos, by Anton Dvorák. The composer, born in 1841 in a Bohemian village near Kraup, on the Moldau, is one of the most promising musicians of the day. The talent displayed by some of his early works obtained for him the "artist's stipend" granted by the Austrian State to assist "young and talented artists without means." By the kindly influence of Brahms, his *Slavische Tänze* and *Klänge aus Mähren* were published by Simrock. His works have been most favourably noticed by L. Ehlert in the *Berliner National Zeitung*. Herr Taubert, Royal Prussian *Capellmeister*, and J. Joachim have also helped to spread the reputation of the composer, and it is undoubtedly owing to the latter that we have had an opportunity of hearing the sextett this season in London. We may here notice that his first set of *Slavische Tänze* was performed last season at the Crystal Palace concerts, and that a second set is promised at one of the concerts of the present series.

The first movement (*allegro moderato*) of the sextett is full of clear melody, pleasing modulations, and highly interesting thematic developments, and may be considered, despite some

peculiarities, as in orthodox form. The leading and second themes are not, perhaps, particularly striking or original, but they are graceful and unaffected, and, furnishing material, not only for the development section, but also for the various episodes, gradually acquire an importance and interest which they do not at first seem to possess. The first somewhat reminds one of the *terzetto* of the third act of *Fidelio*, and the second recalls a phrase in "See the Conqu'ring Hero comes." While on the subject of reminiscences, we may mention that in the analytical remarks of the programme book the opening passage of the third movement is noticed for its likeness to a theme in one of Beethoven's quartetts.

The second movement, entitled "Dumka" (Elegy), reveals the composer's nationality. The leading themes with marked rhythm commences in D minor and closes in D major. To this succeeds a short *adagio* (*quasi tempo di marcia*) and a charming *andante* (*molto espressivo*); the latter leads back to the opening subject. A brief *coda*, recalling the *adagio* and principal theme, brings this short and unpretending movement to an end. It is followed by a *scherzo*. Fast and furious is the pace, and well in keeping with the fantastic title (*Furiant*) of the movement. The *alternativo* is also full of spirit, but of quieter character.

The *finale* consists of an air with variations. The theme is clear and concise, and the variations are clever, and effectively scored. The *codetta*, however, does not form a very satisfactory conclusion.

A first hearing of the work would lead us to regard the first movement as the most intellectual, the third as the least interesting, and the other two as the most characteristic. The influence of Schubert is especially to be traced in the *allegro* and "Elegy." The instruments are throughout skilfully employed, but we do not find the rich and varied scoring to which Brahms has accustomed us in works of a similar kind.

The sextett was excellently performed by Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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THEATRES.

COURT THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

To-night, at 8, a Play, in five acts,
THE OLD LOVE and the NEW,
By BROOKS HOWARD and J. ALBERT.
Messrs. Coghlan, Fisher, Leathers, Price, Dacre, Holman, Benn, Douglas, Phipps, and Astor; Mesdames A. Roselle, Emery, Giffard, J. Roselle, and White.
Morning Performance of "The Old Love and the New," Saturday, March 13.
Box-office from 11 till 5. No fine.

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Managers, HOLT and WILMOE.

On Saturday will be produced (for the first time at this theatre) the great emotional Drama of BELPHEGOR the MOUNTBANK.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. TOOLE.

TOOLE, Saturday evening (for a limited number of nights), in three pieces. At 8, THE WEAVERS.
At 9, the celebrated trial, BARDELL v. PICKWICK.
At 10, OUR CLERKS.

TOOLE, Saturday evening, as SERJEANT BUZZFUT, in the celebrated trial, BARDELL v. PICKWICK, dramatised, by permission of the late Charles Dickens, from his private reading copy, for Mr. Toole.
TOOLE, Saturday evening, as JOHN FIDUCIARIE, in OUR CLERKS, and SIMMONS, in THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER, for a limited number of nights, prior to the production of "The Upper Crust."

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LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

To-night at 8, this celebrated Opera, with new scenery, new dresses, and new effects.

Messrs. Shiel Barry, Edward Marshall, Frederic Darrell, C. Ashford, and Wilford Morgan; Mesdames Kate Munroe, Laura Clement, Clara Graham, Kate Chorley. Increased band and chorus. Conductor, Mr. E. SOLOMON.
Preceded, at 7, by the Oriental Extravaganza.
THE HAPPY MAN.
Mr. Shiel Barry, &c. Doors open 6.30, close at 11.0.
Stage Manager, Mr. H. B. FARNIE.

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Shakspeare's Comedy, AS YOU LIKE IT.
Every afternoon at 3, in which Messrs. Lionel Brough, Herman Verin, W. Farron, Kyrie Bellor, F. Everill, E. F. Edgar, J. Banister, C. Cox, G. Coventry, F. Charles, E. Allbrook, F. Stephens, G. Trevor, C. Busch, and Miss Litton, Miss Cresswell, Miss Brunton, Miss Sylvia Hudson will appear. The overture and incidental music selected and arranged by Mr. Barard from the works of Dr. Arne, Bishop, Farren, Martini, and C. Horne. The Comedy produced under the personal superintendence of Miss Litton.
Stage Manager, Mr. COE.
The doors open at 2.30; Overture at 2.40; Comedy precisely at 3; Carriages 3.45.

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MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Shakspeare's Comedy, having been received with the utmost enthusiasm, will be repeated every evening at Eight o'clock.
SHYLOCK—Mr. IRVING. PORTIA—Miss ELLEN TERRY.
Morning Performances of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE every Saturday, at Two o'clock, during March.
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Miss Sadler (Mrs. Crowe), Miss Carlisle, Mrs. Charles Calvert, Mr. Herman Vesin, Mr. H. Talbot, and Mr. Pennington specially engaged for this series of Plays. Mr. Walter Bentley, Messrs. F. W. Wyndham, Robert Lyons, J. Archer, E. Lyons, Redwood, &c.
Prices, from 6d. to 7s. 6d. Doors open at 6.45. Farce at 7.15; Play at 8.

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CHILDREN'S PINAFORE—EVENING PERFORMANCE.

"CHILDREN'S PINAFORE."

To-night, at 7.45, a new and original Vaudeville, written by F. DESTREY music by ALFRED CELLIER, IN THE BULK.
Characters by Mr. Richard Temple, Mr. F. Thornton, and Miss La Rue.
At 8.30, THE CHILDREN'S PINAFORE.
Being a representation of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S popular Opera, "H.M.S. Pinafore" (all the characters sustained by children). At 10.30, AFTER ALL.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.

Every Evening the doors will be opened at 7.30. At 8 o'clock will be played an original Comedietta, A LITTLE CHANGE, by SYDNEY GRUMP. Followed, at 8.45, by MRS. MERIVALE and F. C. GROVE's original Play, FORGET-ME-NOT (by arrangement with Miss Genevieve Ward, and in which she will appear in her original part).
The Characters in the Plays will be represented by Miss Genevieve Ward, Mrs. Bernard Berro, Miss Kate Pattison, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Ada Gordon, and Miss Layton; Mr. Edgar Bruce, Mr. Flockton, Mr. J. O. Shore, Mr. Edwin Bayley, Mr. Arthur Brewitt, Mr. J. Robertson, and Mr. John Layton. New Scenery by Mr. Bruce Smith. The Orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Buxton.
No Fees of any description. The Box-office open daily between 11 and 5.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

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Managers, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. BURNETT.

This evening, at 8.15, J. O.
Messrs. J. P. Burnett, Groves, Charteris, Crisp, Wilkinson, Edwards, Leigh, Messrs. Bennett, Brunel, Robertson, K. Lee, Steele, Drummond, and Jennie Lee. At 7.30, B. B.
Messrs. Leigh, Crisp, &c.; Messrs. Robertson, Lee.